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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Solomon Seesaw. By J. P. ROBERTSON, Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay." 3 vols. *With Illustrations by Phiz.*

The announcement contained in the title-page of this work being the production of the Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay," will be a sufficient recommendation to all who are acquainted with the talent displayed in that justly popular work.

Mr. Robertson here appears as a sketcher of character, for which he has before proved his unquestionable capability. The history of Solomon Seesaw is a most amusing one. It proceeds almost throughout his whole life, and is exceedingly graphic. We quote the following:

"Solomon Seesaw was the son of respectable parents, but neither they nor himself had much pretension to the wisdom which distinguished the great man from whom our hero derived his name. After a short and more amicable contest than usual about this said name, the father, as the weaker vessel, yielded to the authority of his better half; and their first-born was christened *Solomon*, in the presence of many relatives and friends of the family. The ceremony was performed by Doctor Hasty, himself a distant relative of Mrs. Seesaw.

"The bustle of a christening in the land of Scotia is no small affair on any occasion, but on the present it was one of peculiar interest and excitement. In the first place, Solomon was the eldest-born of Mr. and Mrs. Seesaw, and they thought it, therefore, indispensable to make a fuss among all the people of their acquaintance. The mother of Solomon was *ever* in a bustle, but the additional stir of that day made no small difference even to her. Like all bustling people, she was generally behind her time, and this result of bad management, it will be seen, produced, on the day of the christening, no small confusion. Then, Mr. Seesaw was rather testy, and gave rise to a great deal of unnecessary discord by the declaration of his *hatred* of all bustle. But the most formidable party in producing the excitement, and increasing at once the hubbub and confusion of the day, was Dr. Hasty. He was a minister of peace, though not always a peaceful man: he was fain to break the peace, especially when people were not exact in their appointments with him. From long indulged habit, a rather powerful position in the church, a petulant, and perhaps crusty temper, together with a feeling that not to be punctual with him was a personal insult, the Doctor was sometimes not very bearable. His watch was never in his fob for two minutes at a time: he counted his steps, measured his visits, ate his meals, performed, in short, all his functions like a man, as he was, of clock-work. Ever on the gallop, except when fairly seated to a good dinner, Doctor Hasty seemed to be running a constant race against time. Not an acquaintance or friend that he had ever ventured to stop him in the street; and being a little near-sighted, he was continually knocking over boys and girls that were in his way on the pavement. When he reached a house five minutes before his time, (he was never one instant behind it,) he waited scrupulously at the door till the hour appointed, and then rat-tat-tat went his rather imperious knock, and up boiled his spirit if there were a moment's delay in giving him admission. His dress was a three-corner cocked-hat, over powdered hair, a black coat with large outside pockets, and flaps that, coming well forward, reached half-way down his calf. Over the coat there was a blue spencer, (or long jacket,) while the Doctor's nether parts were graced with black breeches, dark-grey

worsted stockings, thick shoes, and short gaiters. His hands were large, and broadly hemmed: there depended from under a long black waistcoat, with pockets almost as large as those of his coat, a bunch of seals, at the end of a massive chain. Active and erect, though well stricken in years, he shuffled along at a prodigious pace, without the aid of a stick. But as he was out, and out on foot, in all weathers, he carried, and carried invariably, under his left arm, with his left hand on the top of it, a brown, and something worse for the wear, cotton umbrella; it was as well known as his own person,

"His watch, and the contents of a massive silver snuff-box, engrossed alternately his attention, as he rather ran than walked along. This snuff-box he managed with marvellous dexterity, opening it, taking out his pinch, closing it, and depositing it in his huge pocket, all with his unoccupied hand; the other, as aforesaid, being on the handle of his umbrella.

"The hour appointed for the christening of Solomon was two o'clock; but he was far from being *presentable* at that hour.

"The milliner had neglected to send the christening-cap with its decorations; the nurse was despatched for it, and she, being unwieldly, could not exactly perform, in five minutes, a distance which a nimble chambermaid could not achieve in a quarter of an hour. The housemaid was therefore sent after the nurse, the foot-boy after the house-maid, and at the fatal moment of two o'clock,—when the Doctor's hand, under the guidance of his vigorous arm, was applied to the knocker, with a reiteration loud and decided, proportioned to his own impatience, and to the importance of the occasion,—behold there was no servant in the house but the cook, to open the door.

"She was basting a roast, and rightly thinking it no part of her duty to answer the door,—even to Doctor Hasty, about whose knock there was *no mistake*,—remained at her post.

"Loud and louder became the thunder at the door, and without a moment's intermission, till two of Solomon's maiden aunts, more fearful even of the Doctor's ire than of a breach of decorum, rushed out of the drawing-room, where the party were assembled. The one ran to the kitchen to scold the cook, while the other, with fear and trembling, and with a dozen apologies upon her pale lips, opened the door to the almost infuriated Doctor.

"Here followed from under the cocked hat and knit brow of this pious man denunciations loud, long, and not quite compatible with his vocation. Then came the vehemence of the cook, by no means subdued by the consideration that she was interfered with by one who was not her mistress. In, at this moment, came the nurse, the housemaid, and the footboy, each complaining that one should have been sent after the other, and all dilating on the want of consideration of their mistress.

"Then came the milliner with the ill-fated cap, full of anxiety lest it should be crumpled; and last of all, just emerging from his dressing-room, came, bowing in the most appeasing of attitudes, the father himself of Solomon.

"The hubbub which ensued in the hall is neither conceivable nor to be described; but little would this, or anything else, have availed to appease Doctor Hasty, unless the uppermost, the ever-recurring, or rather the never-absent thought of the standard of time, by which he measured everything, had come in aid of a momentary truce.

"'Pray Doctor,' said Mr. Seesaw, 'do let me take your hat.'

"'Do, dear Doctor,' added Solomon's elder aunt, 'give me your umbrella.'

"'Kind Doctor,' reiterated the second aunt, 'pray let me help you off with your spencer.'

"Instead of acknowledging the well-meant civility of either the master of the house, or of his maiden sisters, the Doctor mechanically drew his watch from his fob, and seeing that it was ten minutes past two,—that is, ten minutes after the hour appointed for the christening,—he flung down on the hall table, without the proffered assistance, his hat, his gloves, and his umbrella. Disencumbering himself, then, in no very ceremonious fashion, of his spencer, he demanded to be led to the drawing-room. The first thing he said when he got there, and without taking notice of a single member of the assembled company, was, 'Well, where is the child?'

"Fortunately, at this moment, in walked Mrs. Seesaw, followed by the nurse, who carried in her arms, and in triumphant state, the all-important Solomon. He was decked out in the prodigious finery of a train, pendent from nurse's arms to the ground, of a crimped cap, adorned with lace, and with innumerable knots, and bows of white ribbons. He shut his eyes (the little innocent) as he was brought into the glare of the light; but he knit his brows, which made some of the standers-by exclaim,

"What an intelligent-looking child!"

Doctor Hasty was at length so far appeased, as to be persuaded, after his fatigue, and before commencement of the ceremony, to take two glasses of port wine, and two pieces of short-bread and bun. He now condescended to good-natured remonstrance (at least it was so for him) on the evil effects of want of punctuality; and he philosophically appealed to his relative, Mrs. Seesaw, whether she would not be confounded, if God were to delay the sun's rising till eight o'clock, when the almanacs appointed him to be up at six?

"Mrs. Seesaw acquiesced, confessing that she was no scholar, and never looked into the almanac, except to see when it was to be dry or wet.

"Things being thus smoothed, and the Doctor's heart not a bit the colder for the two glasses of port he had taken, the ceremony was proceeded with."

The entire work is characterised by a similar spirit of keen observation and shrewd satire. Indeed, Mr. Robertson treats his subject throughout with great ability, and the admirers of the productions of Captain Marryat and the successful Boz will here find a production well suited to take its place on the same shelf with the works of those popular writers. We had marked some further passages for extract: but as the work will be already in the hands of our readers, we shall content ourselves with the remarks we have already made, cordially recommending the perusal of the whole to those who may not as yet have seen these lively and agreeable volumes. The illustrations are by Phiz, and in his best style.

The Vale of Glamorgan. Scenes and Tales among the Welsh.

This work is intended to illustrate the peculiarities of the inhabitants of Wales. Wild and romantic as the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded, the Welsh have been ever a people of strong and vivid temperament, much influenced by feeling and delighting in exciting images and marvellous recitals. Hence their legends, which are usually interesting in a high degree, and strikingly national, have an illustrative character to which sufficient attention appears to have been as yet scarcely paid. In this volume a series of tales is presented which will well repay perusal. They embrace a variety of subjects, and exemplify peculiar customs and modes of thought. We extract the following, which is related by Parson Evans:—

THE SPECTRE FUNERAL.

"Do you recollect," said he, "a bay horse called Falcon that I once had? O, no, it was before your time. However, he was a fine, high-couraged fellow as ever was crossed, with no fault but being too rash and violent. At times, to be sure, how he would snort and tear away! And then he would dash at a leap like a very thunderbolt! I thought at times to call him Dreadnought, and then again Death's Door; he was often so near being the end of me. Ha! how different was I then from what I am now! I used to go hunting then, even on that devil; and one day, after a run with the fox-hounds, I had dined at the castle, and was returning home about midnight, a little flushed with wine, on a hand-gallop, now and then humming or singing, or talking to myself, when of a sudden Falcon bolted off the road, into the ditch, and there drooped and trembled as a very Christian might, for fear.

"Ho, ho!" said I; "what new quaver is this?" and then I tried to force him on; but that would not do at all. So I coaxed him and patted his neck, and said "So-ho, poor fellow!" which evidently comforted him; for he moved his tail, and turned his head towards me. But just then a loud band of psalm-singers broke upon my ear. They were pealing forth the Old Hundredth Psalm, which is the one always used at funerals. Nothing could be more distinct or solemn. And presently I heard the slow regular tramp of the whole procession, with the groans and sobs of the mourners.

"I knew now it must be a Tolaeth; and recollecting what I had heard the old people say, I stooped forward on the horse's neck, and looking along the ground, saw them all advancing towards me. There were the psalm-singers first, two a-breast, with their hats off, and their mouths open, as in the act of singing. Then followed the coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, who held their hats by the side of

their heads. Next came the mourners, the women holding up their handkerchiefs, and the men pale and solemn, with their hatbands streaming behind. And then followed the usual long train of friends and neighbours.

"All passed, distinct and close, before me, but now, while I saw them, perfectly silent. There was not now the slightest sound of a foot, nor even of the psalm-singers, although their mouths were open. As soon as they had passed, I drew myself up; and then it all broke upon my ear again, as at first. So true it is that the Tolaeth touches only one sense at a time; that while you hear it, you cannot see it: and if you see it, you will hear nothing.

"When it had got quite clear of us, Falcon turned his head towards me, and gave a quiet switch with his tail; then, not without faltering, he made the road, and presently struck off at a round gallop. He dashed through the gate, as we reached home, knocking it to shivers, and then stood trembling with me before the door. Although in top condition, the sweat streamed from him all over, and the poor fellow, as I was going, turned his head so wistfully after me, that I made the man remain in the stable with him all that night.

"And now, said the parson, in conclusion, "it was not long after this that one of the neighbours was thrown from his horse in returning from market, and broke his neck, just at the place and the hour of the night that I met that Tolaeth; and when he was buried, his funeral passed there exactly in the manner I had seen it."

Memoirs of a Cadet. By a BENGALÉE.

Our readers will remember that we have had the pleasure of giving some portions of this work in our former numbers. But for the pressure of matter, we should have continued our selections. The author has now, however, published his work entire, and it only remains for us to state that it is the production of an officer not long returned from India. Life in that vast country is so different from anything we are accustomed to, that it is scarcely possible such a work as this should fail to interest. To general readers, therefore, this volume will be welcome; while to those who are entering on or retiring from the service, it will convey information or revive recollections in a way equally pleasing. The work is handsomely printed, and embellished with a coloured engraving from a beautiful drawing by a native artist.

Translations and Sketches of Biography, from the German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French Languages. By A LADY.

These translations are exceedingly varied. In German, they include poems from Goëthe, Schlegel, Herder, Koëner, Matthisson, Uhland, Hottinger, Tiedge, and the amiable and accomplished Amelia, Duchess Dowager of Saxe Weimar: in Italian, there are pieces from Petrarca, Metastasio, Victoria Colonna, Francesco Molsa, Veronica Gamba, Bertola, and one or two others: in Spanish and Portuguese, there are pieces from Cervantes, Lopez de Vega, Valdez, Yriarte, and Camoens; and in French, from Malherbe, Molière, Racine, Massillon, Arnaud, Gresset, and Madame de Staël. The Biographical Sketches, which are written with much good feeling, are devoted to the Duchess Amelia, (whose Dramas, we understand, are about to be translated by another English lady distinguished by her knowledge of German literature, and by original performances in English literature,) Schiller, Goëthe, Schlegel, Herder, Koëner, the author of "The Sword," (who died in his prime, with his sword in his hand, fighting for the liberties of Germany,) Matthisson, Uhland, Metastasio, Victoria Colonna, and Tarquina Molsa. This last-named lady, though less generally known than Victoria Colonna, and some other female Italian writers of the sixteenth century, was a very remarkable woman. She was well versed in music, in science, and in literature; she

was mistress of the Latin, Greek, and the Hebrew languages, and she wrote her own *bella favella*, both in prose and verse, with infinite grace. Our fair translator says that she has not been able to meet with any of her poems; but if our memory does not deceive us, there are specimens given in the popular but voluminous "Antologia" published at Milan some twenty years ago. The senators of Rome (alas! they were not then worthy of bearing that glorious name!) conferred upon Tarquina, and, for her sake, upon all her family, the freedom of their city. She died at Modena in the year 1617. There are also a few notes on the lives of the Spanish and French writers, whose pieces are translated in the volume. These versions are for the most part graceful and agreeable. One of the best of them is the translation of Gresset's "*Epître à ma sœur*," which, according to Mason, gave our Gray the first idea of his Ode upon the pleasure arising from vicissitude. Gresset was indeed what the fastidious Gray called him,—“a truly elegant and charming writer.” There is more feeling in him than in any of the minor French poets that immediately preceded the Revolution. Schiller's exquisite little piece, “The Song of the Bell,” is put into very flowing English verse, that is not without power. There is to us something inexpressibly solemn in the few Latin words—the thought of a monk of old, that was cast in bronze on the bell of his monastery, which the great German put as a motto to this piece—

“Vivos voco—mortuos plango—fulgura frango.”

We quote the following, more on account of its beautiful moral, than on account of its literary execution. The original is by Clasio, or Fiacchi, an Italian writer, who died in 1825.

“THE TRAVELLER AND THE PLANE TREE.

“Tired with a long and weary way
Under the summer's noontide ray,
His sinking form a traveller laid
Beneath a Plane Tree's cooling shade.
Already by repose refreshed,
The fever leaves his beating breast,
And soon his curious eyes surveyed
The tree which gave such welcome aid;
And as he there no fruit could find,
He thus express'd his thankless mind:—
'Oh, worthless Tree, how high thy head,
How far and wide thy branches spread,
Yet not a single fruit is seen
Amid thy wide spread branches green;
Such barren grandeur I despise,
And thou art worthless in my eyes.”
The Plane this thankless speech could hear,
And thus replies, with tone severe:—
'That I can boast no fruit may be,
A fault or a defect in me;
But you at least should not despise
The shade which shields from burning skies:
These branches you should kindly view,
Poor they may be, but yet they sheltered you;
Your strength you gladly in my shade restore,
Then murmur not, if I can do no more.”
To love another's fault to find,
Shows ever an ungenerous mind:
To be severe on those who shelter you,
Is an ingratitude of darkest hue.”

This pleasing little volume is very creditable to the translator's taste and good feeling; and it may contribute to create in others a taste for foreign languages and literature.

A Concise Description of the English Lakes and adjacent Mountains ; with General Directions to Tourists ; Notices of the Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology of the District ; Observations on Meteorology ; the Floating Island in Derwent Lake ; and the Black-Lead Mine in Borrowdale. By JONATHAN OTLEY.

This convenient pocket volume is printed at Kirby Lonsdale, and published at the pleasant little town of Keswick, at the head of one of the most beautiful of the beautiful lakes to which it serves as a guide.* We have personally and practically tested its accuracy and usefulness, and can safely aver that it is *an excellent* guide—one of the very best books we know of, of that kind. The author—honest Jonathan Otley—is a respectable watchmaker at Keswick, a fine hale old man, that has walked *many times* over every bit of ground he describes, and that still takes his walks along the Derwentwater, and his evening cup of mild ale at the pretty little inn that stands close by Lowdore. And he is as well worth seeing as that famous waterfall!—delightful to converse with on the subject of his own glorious lakes!

The railroads will carry many hundreds down to Cumberland who would not otherwise have thought of such a journey. As well-wishers to *them*, as well as to the good old author, we hope that every party of such tourists will provide themselves with a copy of Jonathan's "*Concise Description of the English Lakes.*" When we made that happy journey, we had (as book-ridden people) about a dozen works, large and small, with us; but, for usefulness, we found that we were constantly obliged to refer to *his*—and that *his* was, in itself, quite enough. It contains a small but excellent map of the whole of the lake country. Doctor Southey—a competent judge—agrees with us, we believe, in stating that, as a guide-book, it is a very perfect one.

History of the Campaign in France, in the Year 1814. Translated from the Russian of A. Mikhailofsky-Danilefsky. Illustrated by Plans and Maps of the Operations of the Army.

The author of this volume served as aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, and was constantly at head quarters, from which point alone all the bearings of a campaign can be seen. He is esteemed by his countrymen as a good soldier, a good writer, and an able statesman, and he is a member of the Imperial Senate. His work—somewhat of the latest—first appeared at St. Petersburg during the latter part of the year 1836; and it was there received with great applause, being praised for its accuracy and impartiality. In book-making the Russians as yet are tyros, though, generally speaking, the little they do in this way seems to be well done. Of the memorable campaign of 1814, which began on the Rhine and ended with the capture of Paris, and the sending of Napoleon Buonaparte to Elba, we have read French accounts, Italian accounts, Austrian accounts, Prussian accounts, and several English accounts. [In our vernacular, that is not the worst which bears on its title-page the name of a certain most noble marquis, but which, assuredly was *not written* by that illustrious person.] After all this, we think it but fair to lend an attentive ear to an account put forth by the Russians, who certainly bore an important part in that memorable campaign, though not quite so decisive and absorbing a one as this member of the Imperial Senate assumes it to have been. But still, after bearing with the prejudices and self-lauda-

* Copies, however, are procurable in London at Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall's.

tions of all the other parties engaged, we may tolerate a little Russian *suffisance*, merely hinting at the beginning that our author ought to have said a word or two about the English monies, without which he and his countrymen could never have crossed the Vistula. (*We are paying for these things in every mouthful of bread we take, but the Holy Alliance people seem to be happily oblivious—to have forgotten that, after all, it was English gold and English credit that overthrew the man that had humbled them all.*)

The Emperor Alexander, whom our senator elevates into the reputation of a profound statesman and first-rate soldier, was little or nothing of this; but he was an amiable man, a graceful and dignified performer, and in his heart a better sovereign than the Russian court and system were fitted to bear. Passing over the history of his first disputes and contests with the French, we may still applaud his conduct, and that of his people, in his last struggle with Napoleon. This was the fourth time that Russia girded on her sword; and what man of sufficient age is there that does not remember how her appearance in the field was hailed by all Europe, from the Danube to the Tagus, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean! She was then attacked in her own mighty home by an insolent conqueror, with a host of all nations, drunk with blood, and accustomed to roam and live at discretion, wherever it suited their purpose—she was assaulted, and insultingly told that she must submit to the decrees of Napoleon, or her czars and her nobles should be driven into Siberia. All but young men must recollect those stirring times, when all Europe in breathless suspense waited the event of this new war of giants; and the wishes, the prayers, the blessings, the hearty concurrence of every true patriot, whether German, Spaniard, English, Dane, Swede, or Swiss—of all, in short, who hoped to have a country left to them. Would Russia stand true and firm in the dreadful trial? Would she resist not only attack in the field, but also insinuations and blandishments in the cabinet? Such were the anxious questions at the time. She did both, and bravely; and victory and triumph were her reward. These are not things to be forgotten, albeit since then Russia may have inspired many reasonable jealousies and distastes by her encroachments on the territories and rights of others. For ourselves, we cannot forget how bulletin after bulletin reached us in those stern days of trial: the Niemen, the Borysthenes, the Dwina, the Moskwa, were passed; Moskow the Holy was taken, the conqueror stretched forth from the Kremlin his iron hand over prostrate Europe—he gazed at his hundreds of thousands, and in a few weeks where were they? A blaze, a conflagration, such as had not been seen since the days of Salamis, made of the ancient capital of Russia an holocaust to patriotism; and that night, by the reflection of burning domes, the Russian army marched away in deep silence, to recruit its strength, and treasure up its revenge. In these doubting days, doubt has been thrown upon this great Russian sacrifice, and the burning of Moscow has been represented as *not* proceeding from any premeditated plan. Nay, Count Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, has positively denied in print that there was ever any such plan. In a *brochure*, entitled "*La vérité sur l'incendie de Moscou*," which was published at Paris in the year 1823, the count says, "Several individuals set fire to their own houses, rather than leave them in possession of the invaders; and the French soldiers, seeking for plunder, or for wine and spirits in the cellars, where they got intoxicated, did the rest." And from a few words in the volume before us we learn that Milorádovitch, who commanded the army which had fallen back upon Moscow, did not set fire to it.

"He merely ordered the King of Naples to be told, that if the advance of the French was not instantly stopped, he would set fire to the town and bury himself

under its ruins. Napoleon, who was then with Murat, complied with Milorádovitch's demand, and not only our rear-guard, but the immense mass of troops and baggage which then encumbered the streets of Moscow, quitted the town unmolested."

But Count Rostopchin, in saying that some individuals voluntarily set fire to their own houses, admits quite enough for the beginning of that grand catastrophe, and we have the most positive assurances from Segur, and other writers, that the French subsequently arrested a number of Russians going from street to street, and setting fire to the houses by means of combustibles purposely prepared. It may be quite certain that Milorádovitch did not set fire to the town on evacuating it; it may be probable that Rostopchin, the governor, gave no direct instructions for firing it; but the first thought of some of the inhabitants was afterwards acted upon by thousands of others, and by the government itself. On the 16th of September, the day after Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin, the city was on fire, not at one point, but at fifty; it was on fire in quarters widely separated from each other, and in some of which not a French soldier had penetrated. Count Rostopchin, however, has done something to spoil one of the grandest stories in the annals of any people, and to add one more to those "historical doubts," which will exercise the ingenuity of future ages. But, in whatever manner it was burned, the French paid for its burning—the retribution upon them was tremendous, awful, unparalleled in modern history. They disappeared among the white plains of Russia; and when the last of their miserable remnants had been driven across the last of the Russian rivers, out of Poland, through Germany, and across the Rhine, the avenging Russians, uniting with Austrians, Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtemberghers, and others, repaid invasion by invasion, and scourged and scourged "*la belle France*," though far less severely than the French had scourged other nations.

Many of the descriptions of this memorable campaign, as given by our Russian author, are exceedingly spirited; and our readers, to whom we may recommend the volume, will find in it much to amuse and instruct, and many little anecdotes that are altogether new to the English public. We will select a few detached passages.

When Mardenko entered Coblentz, he found in one of the squares a monument to commemorate the occupation of Moscow by the French, and bearing this inscription, "To the Great Napoleon, in honour of the immortal Campaign of 1812."

Colonel Mardenko left the monument untouched, but under the inscription caused the following words to be engraved:—"Seen and approved by us, Russian Commandant of Coblentz in 1813."

CROSSING THE RHINE.

"The care of making the necessary preparations for crossing the Rhine had been entrusted, by Baron Wintzengerode, to the chief of his advanced guard, Chernishéff, who had everything in readiness by the first of January. Having reported this to the commander of the corps, he received for answer, that he must wait till the river was clear of ice, when there would be no danger in crossing. It was in vain that he represented the possibility of passing the Rhine, and the necessity of getting speedily into line with the armies in the field. The chief of the corps peremptorily refused his consent, and put off the execution of the Emperor's order till a more favourable season. At last, however, he yielded to pressing entreaties, and gave an order for crossing; at the same time adding, that, in the event of failure, General Chernishéff must take the responsibility on himself. Having collected boats and rafts, the latter embarked seven hundred light infantry and Cossacks, under the command of Colonel Benkendorf. At ten o'clock in the morning they pushed off from the bank, which was crowned by thirty-six guns, so placed as to play upon the enemy stationed on the opposite bank, on which there were two redoubts. The French, confounded by the audacity of an attempt made in open day, rather than taken by surprise, abandoned their redoubts, retired to some distance, and did not

attack the Russians till the latter had crossed the river, and occupied a hamlet on the left bank. The vessels which ferried across Benkendorf having returned to the right bank, seven hundred more troops were embarked, and with these Chernishéff crossed the river in person. The moment he landed he attacked the French and routed them, and having occupied the village of Neissé, proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle, whither he was followed by the remaining troops of the advanced-guard, consisting of four battalions of light infantry, the Hulans of Volhynia, two squadrons of hussars, four regiments of Cossacks, and a troop of horse artillery. General Wintzengerode lingered for several days in Düsseldorf without giving a single order to the advanced-guard, which thus remained unsupported in an enemy's country, as if it had been a flying detachment. At length, he began to cross the river with his corps, between Düsseldorf and Cologne, and then, by echelons, followed the advanced-guard, which, moving on without opposition, occupied Liege with the Cossacks on the 12th of January."

Our author takes credit to his master for the determination of driving out Napoleon altogether. It should appear, however, from his account, that Alexander had no very great affection for the Bourbons. A great deal of bad logic was made use of in these deliberations. In one paper Providence is insulted by an awkwardness of expression. The diplomats of Europe are made to say—"If Providence should turn circumstances, and even Napoleon himself, into engines for the destruction of his political existence, it would neither be contrary to justice, nor to the interests of Europe."

THE BATTLE OF BRIENNE.

"There were 100,000 men under arms, of whom 40,000 were Russians, 20,000 Austrians, 8,000 Prussians, 17,000 Bavarians, and 14,000 Wirtembergers. Not more than 80,000, however, took part in the combat, as the reserve was not called into action. In this number we do not include Count Colloredo's Austrian corps of 25,000 men, which did not reach Vandœuvre from Bar-sur-Seine till past two o'clock in the afternoon, having been ordered to march from the former town along the left bank of the Aube, in order to wrest the bridge of Dienville out of the hands of the enemy. It followed that Count Colloredo did not arrive on the field of battle till the engagement was over. All the troops were placed under the command of Marshal Blücher, to whom the sovereigns had confided the ordering of the battle.

"The weather was gloomy, and a cold wind blew in gusts driving heavy snow showers, which for some minutes at a time rendered everything invisible; but when the sky cleared up, the lines of the French troops were plainly to be seen, formed in order of battle before Brienne. The extremity of their right wing, which was under the command of General Gérard, was at Dienville, the left wing, commanded by Marshal Marmont, rested on Morvilliers, and the centre occupied La Rothière, la Giberie, Petit-Menil, and Chaumenil. In the rear of these villages were stationed the reserve and the guard, under the command of Marshals Mortier, Oudinot, and Ney. In the enemy's army there were 70,000 men under arms. For those who, in the campaigns of former years, had witnessed the impetuous attacks of Napoleon, it was curious to see this once despotic sovereign of the battle-field, (in whose presence but few generals ventured to manœuvre, striving only to ward off his blows,) now that the war had been carried into the heart of France, standing motionless at Brienne, that place so fruitful to him in youthful recollections, and modestly waiting to see what the Allies would do. Even the choice of his position was injudicious. In the event of victory, he could not take advantage of it, for the Allies, if defeated, could retreat, unmolested, beyond Bar-sur-Aube, on the direct line of their communications.

"From the heights of Trannes there was a very extensive view of the surrounding country. This circumstance gave occasion to a great deal of discussion about the approaching battle, with reference especially to the most advantageous way of attacking the enemy. Prince Schwarzenberg, and the chief of his staff, Count Radetsky, kept to their original plan, in conformity to which orders had already been sent to the chiefs of corps to attack the enemy in front, and to General

Wrédé to turn the right wing. General Toll, in the presence of the Emperor Alexander, objected: 'that the position itself pointed out the necessity of making the principal attack on the left wing of the French, so as to cut off their passage at Lesmônt, the only point on which they could retreat. To gain this object,' he continued, 'the corps of the Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg, and the grenadier corps, with the second and third divisions of cuirassiers, should be directed against Napoleon's left wing,—to endeavour, jointly with the corps of General Wrédé, to press back the enemy on the Aube and seize the passage at Lesmônt. The corps of the guards should be left in reserve, behind the centre, and keeping time with the attack of the right wing, it should bring forward its right flank, in order, by every possible means, to force the enemy back on the Aube, where he has no passage, and, by that means, to rout him completely and capture his artillery.' This plan was partially carried into execution. The corps of the Hereditary Prince, with a brigade of grenadiers, was ordered to connect the movements of the centre with the corps of Count Wrédé.

"During these discussions it was impossible to look at Field Marshal Blücher without a feeling of deep interest. He kept silence, although, in his capacity of leader in the battle, he was one of the principal personages in the fearful drama which was just going to begin. It seemed as if he were only waiting for the moment of action to settle his old accounts with the French at the bloody banquet of death. The day before, Prince Schwarzenberg had sent one of his confidential generals to ask his opinion on the subject of the proposed attack. Instead of strategical remarks, he received the following answer. 'We must march to Paris. Napoleon has been in all the capitals of the Continent, and it is our duty to return the compliment, and to make him descend from a throne, which it would have been well for Europe and our Sovereigns that he had never mounted. We shall have no repose till we pull him down.'

"In order to distinguish the troops, which belonged to six different sovereigns, and who, for the first time, here fought united, it was ordered that all, from the General to the private soldier, should wear a white band on the left arm. Afterwards, on entering Paris, this badge contributed not a little to give the French the false idea that the colour of the band showed the intention of the Allied Monarchs to replace the Bourbons on the throne of France. But that, at this time, such an idea had not entered into their combinations, is proved by the following words, spoken by the Emperor Alexander. General Jomini having stated to the Emperor, that his colour would probably give occasion to conjectures, as to the feeling of the Allied Sovereigns towards the Bourbons, his Majesty replied: 'What have I to do with them?'

"The monarchs now gave the order to attack. Count Giulay advanced on Dienville, the Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg on La Giberie, Sacken on La Rothière, and Count Wrédé moved from Soullaine on Morvilliers. The Prince of Wirtemberg, on his way to La Giberie, met the enemy in the outskirts of a wood, from which he dislodged him with his sharpshooters, and then, approaching a village occupied by the French, formed his troops in column as they came out of the wood, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the enemy from the position, and took three pieces of cannon. The possession of this village was of advantage to us, inasmuch as it served as a connecting link in the chain of operations of the whole line, that is, between the centre, commanded by Sacken, and Count Wrédé's left wing. This connexion being secured, Sacken was ordered to attack La Rothière, and Giulay, Dienville.

"As the deep ground was likely to impede the progress of the artillery, Nikétin, who commanded that arm in Sacken's corps, requested permission to advance with only half the number of his guns, thirty-six, and to leave the remaining thirty-six on the heights of Trannes, where, in the event of the failure of the attack, they would be useful for defence. He added, that he would answer for success, if he were allowed to take as many men and horses from the guns left in possession, as he required. This proposal was reported to Field Marshal Blücher, who at once assented to it. General Nikétin now ordered ten horses to be put to each of the heavy guns; six to the light, and five to the caissons, and placing the men on the guns and tumbrils, set off at full speed for the great road. On reaching it, he formed line under a heavy discharge from the enemy's guns, and opened the cannonade. The French dragoons now advanced to the attack, and the battery, which was not yet covered, (the regiments appointed for that purpose being still a great way behind,) ceased firing. The canonniers placed the charges on their cloaks, close by the guns, to save time in carrying them, and allowing the dragoons to approach

within seven hundred yards, opened so heavy a fire of round and grape, that the French, before they had got within two hundred yards of them, were forced to wheel about and retreat in disorder. The snow now fell so thick that objects were no longer discernible at the shortest distance, and the firing again ceased for a few minutes. In a short time, however, it began to freeze, and men and horses were sent for the thirty-six guns left at Trannes, which they quickly brought up.

"While this was going on, the infantry and cavalry of General Sacken's corps drew near, and the attack proceeded on all points. Count Lieven advanced on La Rothière; and Prince Stcherbátov, on Sacken's right, went up to attack the enemy's centre, which was defended by a battery of twenty-eight guns: Olsoofief remained in the reserve. Heedless of the heavy fire of the enemy, the infantry neither halted nor wavered for an instant. Without firing a single shot, our regiments advanced in perfect order, and that of the Dneiper, which led the Prince's column, was headed by the regimental singers. Lanskoj, with the third division of hussars, charged the enemy's horse and broke them; but as he was pursuing, he was attacked and driven back in his turn; but being immediately reinforced by the division of dragoons of Pantchulidze, the French cavalry was again charged, broken, and driven off the ground, leaving uncovered the battery of twenty-eight guns, which was immediately stormed by Stcherbátov's corps and Vassiltchikof's cavalry. The attacks we have described were, in the beginning, visible to the Emperor; but as they went on, the troops were soon hidden from his view by a dense cloud of smoke, from the centre of which was heard only the roar of artillery. This lasted for some minutes; but hardly had the smoke begun to clear away, when an aide-de-camp arrived with the report of the capture of the battery. After this feat, Stcherbátov remaining in person with one division to keep possession of the battery, sent off the other to the left to reinforce Count Lieven at La Rothière. This village formed the key of the enemy's position; but it soon passed into the hands of Sacken. Till nine o'clock in the evening the French continued their attempts to recover it, but in vain.

"The Prince of Wirtemberg, whose left wing was already secured by the success of the Russians in the centre, approached Petit-Menil, wrested it from the enemy, and took nine pieces of cannon. The movements of Count Wredé were equally rapid and successful. At the first shock with the French, the Austrian cavalry of his corps captured six pieces of artillery, and the Count afterwards took the village of Chaumenil by assault, capturing six guns. Count Giulay alone made several attempts on Dienville, but was always driven back.

"The centre of the French line of battle having been broken through, and the left wing beaten, Napoleon lost all hope of maintaining his position, and was forced to retire. Desiring to effect his retreat in good order, and to conceal for some time his real intention, he despatched a part of the reserve to reinforce the left wing; and, with the remainder, and a numerous artillery, made a fresh attack on La Rothière. This was late in the evening and in the dark, the field of battle being only now and then partially illuminated by the feeble rays of the moon. Being fully sensible of the great importance of La Rothière, Napoleon, Blücher, and Sacken personally directed the fight in the streets of that village. The French, by their renewed attack, succeeded in carrying it, but they were soon driven out by the grenadier regiments of Little Russia and Astrachan, which had hurried up to the combat. This reinforcement was the consequence of an order, given in time by the Emperor to Count Barclay, to move up the whole grenadier corps, with the second and third division of cuirassiers, in order to reinforce the troops engaged, and, at the same time, to bring the guards forward to replace the grenadiers. The French then began to retire to Brienne, and Guilay, at midnight, after a sixth assault, carried Dienville, which the enemy did not yield till La Rothière was finally in our possession. All the villages occupied by the French in the beginning of the battle had fallen into our hands. The darkness of a gloomy January night did not allow us to take advantage of the victory, and our advanced posts were thrown out as it were gropingly, but so near to the enemy as not to lose sight of them. Some of the officers of the French General's staff lost their way in the dark, and, wandering within our lines, were made prisoners. As in the preceding year at Leipsic, so now before Brienne, the aides-de-camp of the different generals, commanders of corps, brought reports of their successes straight to the Emperor. Some of them received orders of knighthood on the height of Trannes, where his Majesty remained the whole day. When Count Nostitz, Blücher's aide-de-camp, brought the news of La Rothière being definitively in our possession, the Emperor embraced him with

these words: 'Tell the Field Marshal that he has crowned all his former victories.' The day was indeed a day of triumph for the Prussian leader, who commanded and fought under the eyes of the Allied Monarchs, and of the two commanders-in-chief, Prince Schwarzenberg and Count Barclay were spectators of the combat, which Blücher ably directed and happily terminated; but neither word nor look betrayed the slightest feeling of jealousy in either. On the contrary, they strove to co-operate with him by their counsels, and by their readiness to send him reinforcements from the troops under their command. It is a pleasant duty to cite this noble feature of their respective characters; and while doing homage to the unsullied purity of the feelings of those distinguished commanders, to hold them up to admiration, as the worthy organs of the will of two virtuous monarchs."

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

"The enemy now sent to inform Count Langeron of the cessation of hostilities, who soon received an order from his Majesty to that purpose, and the news of the negotiations for the surrender of Paris. 'The French call for quarter! Paris is surrendering!' These words flew like lightning from mouth to mouth among the officers, and were repeated by the men. 'So, Father Paris! you must now pay for Mother Moscow!' said a soldier, making the sign of the redemption. After some short disputes with the French, Count Langeron placed guards at the issues of Paris, called in the skirmishers who were scattered about the suburbs, posted his troops on the slope of Montmartre, and ordered eighty-four guns to be planted on the top of the hill, and pointed against Paris. When these arrangements were made, the Colonel of the Riazán regiment made the band get upon the very top of a windmill, and play a march. The music of the other regiments followed the example, and in a moment, from a spot threatening death and destruction, Montmartre was changed into one of rejoicing. White flags were displayed at the gates, or, to speak more correctly, tablecloths and napkins fastened to poles, and the populace, in thousands, crowded to the barriers, demanding permission to visit the Russian camp; this favour, however, was granted exclusively to the fair sex."

ALEXANDER'S ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

"The immense edifices of Paris gradually came fully into view. Some of our officers had rode into town early in the morning, with orders of different kinds, and, on their return, excited, by the accounts they gave of it, the general eagerness to be in the capital. All were burning with impatience to enter a city which had so long assumed the right of giving law to the world in matters of taste and fashion; in which were unrivalled treasures of art and science, and from which issued those oppressive regulations which had weighed down so many nations. To crown their two years' series of victories, nothing was wanting to the Russians but the triumphant possession of the French capital; for, till that consummation, it was impossible not to feel that public justice had not been satisfied, that our offended national dignity had not been avenged, and that a full equivalent had not been obtained for an unparalleled expenditure of blood and treasure. But another half hour's fighting, and the mighty empire, which had extended from the Baltic to the Tagus, shaken to its very foundations, and tottering to its fall, might have presented to the gazer's eye but a huge mass of crumbling ruins.

"At nine o'clock in the morning we reached the suburbs, where a countless multitude crowded the streets, and the roofs and windows of the houses. At first it seemed as if the inhabitants were still under the influence of fear, for their acclamations were not general. This continued for a few minutes, during which they kept continually asking us and one another, 'Where is the Emperor?' 'There he is,—there is Alexander,' exclaimed they. 'How graciously he nods to us; with what kindness he speaks with us!' 'I am not come among you as an enemy,' said his Majesty. A Frenchman saying, they had long been looking for the Emperor's arrival,' his Majesty replied, 'I should have been sooner here, but for the bravery of your troops.' The French, who had pictured to themselves the Russians as worn out by long campaigns and hard fighting, as speaking a language altogether unknown to them, and dressed in a wild outlandish fashion, could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw the smart Russian uniforms, the glittering arms, the joyous expression of the men, their healthy countenances, and the kind deportment of the officers. The sharp repartees of the latter, in the French language, completed their astonishment. 'You are not Russians,' said they to us, 'you are surely emigrants.'

A short time, however, served to convince them of the contrary, and the report of the, to them incredible, accomplishments of the conquerors, flew from mouth to mouth. The praises of the Russians knew no bounds; the women from the windows and balconies welcomed us by waving their handkerchiefs, and from one end of Paris the cry of 'Long live Alexander! Long live the Russians!' was uttered by a million of voices.

"We passed through the suburbs of Montmartre, and turned off to the left along the Boulevards, where the crowd soon became prodigious: indeed, it was hardly possible to make one's way on horseback. The inhabitants kept constantly stopping our horses, and launching out in praise of Alexander; but they rarely alluded to the other allies. Emboldened by the affability of the Emperor, they began to wish for a change of government, and to proclaim the Bourbons. White cockades appeared in the hats, and white handkerchiefs in the air; not a few of the people crowded round his Majesty, requesting that he would remain in France. 'Reign over us,' said they, 'or give us a monarch like yourself.'"

A SINGULAR PETITION.

"The Emperor one day received the following letter from a Frenchwoman:— 'We have lost in Napoleon our benefactor, and, along with him, our means of existence. Although your Majesty has waged war against him, the French are still able to appreciate your generosity. Relying on this general opinion, I have recourse to your Majesty with a petition that you would furnish me with a sum of money sufficient to enable me to reach Tuscany, and reside on the coast opposite to the isle of Elba. There I shall have in view the place where the man dwells, on whom my gaze has been and ever will be fixed.' I received his Majesty's commands to find out the petitioner, who had not signed her name, and to furnish her with the money necessary for her journey."

THE COLUMN OF VICTORY, AND THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

"While riding through the Place Vendôme, where stood the lofty column surmounted with Napoleon's statue, the Emperor, in my hearing, said: 'If I stood as high, I should be afraid of my head growing giddy.'"

"One of the most curious articles ever published by the government of a conquered country is the following: 'The public is informed by the police, that the monument on the *Place Vendôme* is under the protection of the magnanimity of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and his allies. The sculpture on the summit cannot, under the present circumstances, remain where it is, for which reason it will be replaced by a statue of Peace.' On this column, erected in honour of the victories gained by the French troops, stood, as we have said, a statue of Napoleon, to which the mob had several times fastened a rope, and with fearful cries endeavoured to pull it down. One daring fellow got upon the shoulders of the statue, and slapped the face on both sides. That the statue was not destroyed, the Parisians owe it to the monarch in whose capital Napoleon conducted himself on very different principles. Russian soldiers mounted guard to preserve the monument of him who had stained Russia with blood from the Niemen to Moscow."

"At this time our allies by right of conquest selected and took away much of what the French had carried off from Germany and Italy. The Russians looked on as disinterested and indifferent spectators, for they had nothing to receive, having balanced accounts with the French while the latter were yet in the heart of Russia. Happening one day to be in the so called Napoleon Museum, which contained inestimable treasures of art, I met the Emperor accompanied by the well-known director-in-chief Denon. His Majesty observing that the statues were wanting on several of the pedestals, and pointing to one of the vacant spaces, said: 'What stood there formerly?' 'The Apollo Belvidere,' answered Denon. 'Where is it now?' continued the Emperor. 'As soon as Paris was threatened with danger,' said Denon in a humble tone, 'we sent it to Orleans.' 'If you had left it at Paris,' replied Alexander, 'I can assure you that nobody would have laid a finger on it; but now if the Cossacks should get hold of it, it will be their lawful prize.'"

Our author says that even when at Troyes, Lord Castlereagh told Alexander that it was necessary to think of peace with Napoleon; that he had orders to take advantage of every occasion for making peace; and that the emperor firmly replied, "My lord, it will not be a peace, it will

be a truce. I cannot fly to your aid, having four hundred leagues to march with my armies. I will not make peace so long as Napoleon is on the throne."

Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects; Dialogues, Poems, Songs, and Ballads, by various Writers, in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, now first collected: with a copious Glossary of Words peculiar to those Counties.

An Exmoor Scolding; in the propriety and decency of Exmoor Language, between two Sisters, Wilmot Moreman and Thomasin Moreman, as they were spinning; also an Exmoor Courtship.

John Noakes and Mary Styles; or "An Essex Calf's" Visit to Tip-tree Races; a Poem, exhibiting some of the most striking Lingual Localisms peculiar to Essex. With a Glossary. By CHARLES CLARK, Esq., of Great Totham Hall, Essex.

A Glossary of Provincial and Local Words used in England. By FRANCIS GROSE, Esq., F.R. and A.S.S. To which is now first incorporated the Supplement, by SAMUEL PEGGE, Esq., F.S.A.

A Bibliographical List of the Works that have been published towards illustrating the Provincial Dialects of England. By JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.

All these works, belonging to a class which has been too much neglected, are published by Mr. John Russell Smith, of Old Compton Street, Soho—a man expert in the collecting of old books, courteous in the selling of them, and one that knows a good deal more of them than the mere title-page. We need not dwell upon the usefulness of such works to the philologist. A mere glance at Todd's Johnson's Dictionary will show the importance of our provincial dialects. Many of the peculiarities of dialect prevalent in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, the fathers of our language, are still preserved by the common people in various parts of the country. In some particular districts the fine old Anglo-Saxon is found in its least altered and most incorrupt state; and as Alfieri frequented the market-place of Florence to study the glorious Tuscan idiom among the common people, who had admitted no fashionable corruptions—no neologisms; so might we repair to our country markets, fairs, and wakes, to study the good old native English, the most nervous and plain speaking of languages.

No other two counties in England have so many pieces, both in prose and verse, illustrative of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and written in their own dialect, as the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. In the first of these volumes the philologist will find numerous examples of words and phrases which are either obsolete in the general language of England, or which have been peculiar to Westmoreland or Cumberland from time immemorial. Nor are the pieces uninteresting in other respects. Some of these *patois* verses are rich in the true spirit and vigour of poetry.

The "Exmoor Scolding" is a very rich bit of West-of-Englandism, and a perfect specimen of the language of scolding, with a *copia verborum* in abuse, which can scarcely be matched anywhere else. This rich collection was originally made about the beginning of last century by a blind itinerant fiddler, one Peter Lock, of North Molton—who was a fellow of some humour, and wit and oracle as well as fiddle-scraper to the humpkins in those parts. His skill in fiddling, however, recommended him to

the notice of people of a higher condition, whom he was accustomed also to amuse *à la Mathews*, with imitations, dialogues, &c. A neighbouring clergyman, in a happy moment, wrote down the substance of the "Ex-moor Scolding," as it fell from the lips of Master Peter, published it before his death, which happened about the year 1725, and thus secured a little niche in the Temple of Fame for the poor old blind fiddler. *Manet opus!* The verses in the Essex dialect are quite modern, but very droll, and marked with "that tint of ancient phrase and that naïveté" which Mr. D'Israeli deplores should have been for ever lost.

The cheap reprint of Grose's well-known Glossary, with the incorporation of Pegge's Supplement, will be sure to find many purchasers; and the last little brochure, Mr. John Russell Smith's Bibliographical List, will be very serviceable to such as prosecute the study of our provincial dialects, or are collecting works upon that curious subject. We very cordially recommend it to notice, as well as his quarterly catalogue of old books in general literature, which is compiled with more than ordinary care, and which is, in most instances, very enticing in the moderateness of its prices.

A Tour in Connaught; comprising Sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." With Illustrations engraved on Wood.

The anonymous author of this volume published, a few years ago, "Sketches in the North and South of Ireland," which we remember with satisfaction as a lively and agreeable book, and one sufficiently free from national or any other kind of prejudices. And we may safely say as much of these sketches in Connaught, which are the result of an excursion made in that important province in the summer of 1838. All that he says of one of his reasons for publishing is completely borne out by his performance, for he indeed writes as a native who has made the history, antiquities, traditionary lore, and social relations of Ireland his study, and is therefore more competent to afford information on these subjects than a mere English tourist. We have no doubt whatever that his lively, unaffected book will find readers, and realise his hope that such readers will rise from its perusal with a more kindly and better feeling towards Ireland than they entertained before, although, like an honest traveller, he tells of many wild, improvident, and mischievous doings on the part of the Irish people. But assuredly the English people will blush at the arbitrary bloody doings of their ancestors in that fair but unhappy island. Our author's historical sketches and descriptions of battles in the days of Queen Elizabeth and of Oliver Cromwell, who, though mild and merciful to the vanquished in England, waded in blood in Ireland, are given with brevity and vigour. Some of his anecdotes, of a less tragical kind, are delightful. The following has often been told before, but never better; and many of our readers may be altogether unacquainted with the story, and the character of the drunken lord lieutenant who ruled over Ireland in the staid and virtuous days of George the Third.

"Passing rapidly through the town, some circumstances connected with it came vividly to my recollection; the inn of the town I must remember as long as I live—its titled landlady I well recollect—the Lady Cuffe; never did the fountain of honour play off such a ludicrous prank, as when it showered its spray on the head of an innkeeper; yet so it was, when about seventy years ago the Viceroy of Ireland dubbed mine host of Kilbeggan a Knight. Lord Townshend, the then lord lieutenant, a man addicted to the most dissolute habits, and who, by the satirical writers of that day, was represented as one perfectly regardless of pomp, dignity, or parade—one who, as he walked the streets, used to scatter his ribald jests among the common

passengers; whose festivities were often degraded down to disorder, and his recreations to indelicacy; he, on occasion of a journey to Connaught, was, by some accident that occurred to his equipage, obliged to stop at Kilbeggan for the night, and partake of such accommodation as Mr. Cuffe, the innkeeper, could afford. In those days good claret was not an unusual thing to be had even in small country inns; and it so happened that Mr. Cuffe was able to send up some fowl and fish well cooked and well served, and that the claret was in its *bouquet* and flavour adapted to his Excellency's taste; accordingly the great man unbent himself among his boon companions, and while losing sobriety, he forgot decorum; and as he, on another occasion, introduced his fox-hounds into the council chamber, now as a hair-brained bacchanalian, he ordered the host to make his appearance, and when he came into the presence, Viceroy, in an affectedly grave speech, returned him thanks for his excellent cheer, and announced, that he would not repay the *obligation* in any other manner but in conferring on him the order of knighthood, and, accordingly, in spite of some of the more sober of the party, who remonstrated against this act of whimsical licentiousness, he actually forced mine host to kneel down, and duly dubbing him in set phrase and form, said—'Rise up, thou mirror of innkeepers, and be from henceforth Sir Thomas Cuffe.' The astonishment of the innkeeper may be well supposed, as he returned to his wife to inform her of her new honours. The viceregal visiter, as usual, retired to rest, utterly reckless of what he had done, and rose in the morning, altogether forgetful, until reminded of the transaction; at which, when informed, he was not a little annoyed, but plucking up courage, he said to his aide-de-camp—'It certainly was carrying the joke too far, but curse the fellow, sure he will not take any advantage of it! Call him before me, and I'll persuade him to hush up the matter.' Accordingly, the man was introduced—'Mr. Cuffe,' says his excellency, 'a circumstance occurred last night, which I am sure you understood in the proper light; it was, it is true, carrying the JOKE too far; I hope, sir, you feel as becomes you, and that you will say no more about it, nor let the thing get wind.' 'Oh! indeed, my lord, the honour you have conferred on me, though I am right sensible of its importance, is still what I, for one, would have no objection to forego, under a proper consideration; but, please your excellency, what will my Lady Cuffe say?' The innkeeper and his wife were Sir and my Lady all their lives. The man died long before I ever passed through Kilbeggan, but I perfectly remember my Lady Cuffe."

But our author had other and less agreeable recollections about Kilbeggan.

"The remembrance of an ennobled hotel-keeper, however, is not what has fastened the inn so much on my memory, as a still more *personal* occurrence; for, be it known, and the part most concerned tingles while I tell it, I got the greatest kicking ever man got in Lady Cuffe's yard. The lamentable event was on this wise:—I, in the summer of 1799, the year after the rebellion, was travelling from the county of Westmeath to that of Tipperary, and on my way rode into my Lady Cuffe's Inn, at Kilbeggan; there I saw, sauntering about the house, and smoking as they reclined here and there, a set of outlandish looking soldiers—gigantic fellows with terrible *moustaches* and other accoutrements denoting them to be foreigners. I was a young, spare, lathy lad at that time, much under-twenty, and, like a gaping green-horn, I must needs proceed to the stables to inspect the horses and appointments of these much dreaded men, who, I was told, were Hessians; suppose me then standing in the stables '*sicut mos est Milesianorum*,' as is the custom of Irishmen, with my mouth open, admiring all the stirrups, saddles, and bridles, &c. &c. of the Germans—moreover, be it recollected, that it was a token of loyalty in those days to carry a queue or tail pendent from the back of your neck, and that those who neglected or lost such an accompaniment were counted disaffected—they were Croppies. Poor innocent Croppy then as I was, there I stood unconscious of coming evil, when I all at once found myself seized on from behind, by the grasp as it were of a giant—my arms pinioned with one hand, the poll of my neck searched for the deficient tail with the other, and my seat of honour assailed with an immense jack boot, whose toe did horrible execution, such as a battering ram would inflict on a very weak postern, and then a terrible cry was shouted close to my ears, 'You be one Croppy rascal, vat te devil bring te yong rebill here?—take *dat*—and *dat*—and *dat*.' So he kicked me in the stable, and he kicked me in the yard, and he kicked me in the street, and he kicked me up the front steps of the inn, and there the cruel monster, who was at

least six feet four inches in height, then left me, as a bound would let drop a hare out of his mouth, pounded in body, and wounded in mind. Oh! the toe of that terrible jack boot, never can I forget the infliction—what was I to do?—take vengeance of course. Vengeance on whom?—a common soldier—have the fellow punished—stay in the town until you lodge the complaint before his officer—have him tried, flogged, and what not—oh! but that would take time—I should stop with my Lady Cuffe, that would take money, with which I was not over-burthened; so I thought it better to take patience, call for a chaise, and putting plenty of straw under me, for air-cushions were not then invented, proceed in a very delicate state to the end of my journey, my only consolation being, that though a kicked man, the disgrace and pain were not inflicted by a countryman—by a *rake* O, or a true Mac, but by a brutal Hessian."

In the following pleasant passage we are led back to the middle ages. Sir Hugh De Lacy was one of those Norman knights who went over with Strongbow to the conquest of Ireland.

"Sir Hugh was an extraordinary horseman—his leap over the drawbridge of his fortress is, as I have said, yet recorded, and the spot shown, and the name of the place and village will record, as long as time lasts, this feat of a Norman knight. Alas! for the De Lacys—like the De Courcys and Tyrrells of that day, they did not respect the prejudices of the people; one of the castles he was building he dared to found on the site of an old abbey. The Irish were shocked at the profanation, the act therefore of the assassin was applauded by all, and even the avenging peasant's deed was counted religiously meritorious, as exciting the anger of St. Columbkille on him who was the usurper of his abbey, and the spoiler of his churches. Be it as it will, the De Lacys were a valiant and noble race. Hugh, the founder of Ardnorcher, or Horseleap Castle, left two sons. Hugh, the eldest, one of the most politic of men, contrived to supplant John De Courcy, the conqueror of Ulster, in the favour of King John, and eventually succeeded in driving him out of his province, and assuming the government. The story of the rivalry of the De Courcys and De Lacys might be made the subject of a very interesting historical romance. I have often wondered that Sir Walter Scott, after introducing the De Lacys into an English story, did not follow up the subject, by making some use of the materials which Irish history affords of this noble race; their strange vicissitudes of fortune—now favourites—now rebels—defeated to-day by De Courcy—and in a short space of time supplanting him and driving him from Ulster—again falling under the displeasure of their monarch, and obliged to fly for refuge to France, and there forced to work as gardeners on the grounds of a Norman Abbot—and again, when unable to conceal their noble bearing, they were detected by the good ecclesiastic, and by his intercession reconciled to the king, and restored to their fiefs, we find the weak and vacillating John writing a letter to Walter De Lacy, entreating him to forget all animosities, and assuring him of future favour and protection."

After this enticing *précis*, we shall not be surprised to see a regular romance, in three volumes octavo, entitled "The De Lacys."

In describing Moate, which, he says, is "a neat and pretty place, as all towns in Ireland are that are much inhabited by Quakers," our tourist indulges in some pleasant speculation.

"I have often supposed that Ireland might be advantaged, in a worldly sense at least, were its people to turn Quakers. What a change my fancy contemplates—a nation of fighters turned into a community of friends; but how cruel would it be thus to cut up the trades of distillers, publicans, pike-makers, and policemen! To be sure this snug, smooth, easy-going people, too, had their hot times as well as others; and the steady, demure, barrel-bodied *Friend*, with his single-breasted surcoat scarcely able to girth in his abdominal protuberance, or the pale, placid, dove-eyed, and sadly attired sister of the present day, are but cool contrasts to the stern, burning, fervid, bare-boned, proselytizing fanatic of George Fox's time, who roamed the world, testifying against parsons, priests, and steeple-houses. When John Parrot, moved by mighty impulse, went to convert the Doge of Venice—and Samuel Fisher rushed to Rome, to testify the truth before roseate cardinals, and instead of kissing the Pope's

toe, give it a bite, and tell his holiness he was antichrist—nay more, when the pale Mary Fisher appeared in her simple garb and sweet solemn face before the Turkish Sultan, in the presence of his mighty army at Adrianople, and there spoke what she had on her mind with much simple solemnity and unveiled modesty, that Mahomet heard her with gravity and attention, and though he might have wished to have such a variety of womankind in his harem, he dismissed her with admiration and respect; so much so, that she passed through hordes of Paynims without a guard, and arrived at Constantinople without scoff or hurt—I say, the quiet, sedate, unmeddling Quakers of the present day, are as different from their progenitors, as the frigid from the torrid zone, and occupying now the cool, sequestered character of those who mind their own business, we see them prosperous in themselves, and not interfering with others, except in a *temporal* sense, to do them good. This may be worldly prudence, but its Christian character I don't understand."

Our author's account of his visit to the "Seven Churches," (not those in Asia Minor and in the Apocalypse, but the Seven Churches in Clonmacnoise,) with all the curses that fell upon Cromwell's red-coats for breaking the images and crosses there, is exceedingly amusing, and by no means destitute of little touches of a good and tolerant philosophy.

O'Rourke's Tower at Clonmacnoise is a remarkable structure.

"Mr. Claffy's allusion to O'Rourke's tower directed my particular attention to it—particular, I say, for it is the great prominent eye-attracting object of the whole scene; without any exception it is the most beautiful round tower in existence; it stands on an elevation at the western side of the churchyard, and in a line with the principal buildings; the ground sinks from it abruptly towards the Shannon; and just under it, to the north, is the holy well. Nothing can equal the beautiful effect of this simple pillar-tower, cutting, as it does, on the horizon, and relieved by the sombre background of the bog on the other side of the Shannon, that spreads for miles, cold, flat, and desolate; and then the tower itself is so beautifully time-tinted, I think I never saw anything erected by human hands so painted by fortuitous vegetation. I might conceit that time, proud of his secret, so well kept by these Irish towers, had called on nature to deck out this masterpiece in its kind with all its lichens and mosses, producing every colour that could or ought to harmonise, in order to present what art could not imitate, and what the painter would despair of picturing, or the narrator of describing. Other round towers that I have seen, and few have seen more of them than I have, are excellent specimens of masonry; some of them more, some less, exhibit indubitable proofs that in early times the line, plummet, and hammer, were used with considerable handicraft in Ireland; but here, instead of the asler or the stone-chisel work of other towers, a marble pillar has been erected almost as smooth as Pompey's in Egypt, or, if a more familiar comparison will better suit, almost as smooth as the chimney-piece in your drawing room. It is composed of that immense secondary limestone formation that covers, with little interruption, the central plains of Ireland—which in many places assumes the compactness, the ringing sound, and the capability of polish, which constitute what in commerce is called marble. The stone of the tower is of an ash grey colour, full of madreporic concretions; and as a proof how much more permanent such a marble is, when polished, than granite or any other material, these stones, though exposed to the elements for a thousand years at least, are as untouched by the tooth of time, as if they came yesterday from under the polisher's hands; for, I repeat it, that every stone in the courses of this building must have been polished and fitted as you would set up your chimney-piece; and there it stands, not encumbered with a rude bush of enveloping ivy, or with the rough garnishment of wall-flowers, sédums, and maiden-hairs—no, but with the softest harmonising tints of lichens and close-creeping mosses. The doorway into the tower (as is usual in all perfect specimens, and where there are not occasions which require it to be otherwise, as is the case with M'Carthy's tower in this cemetery, and with that on the rock of Cashel) is fourteen or fifteen feet from the ground; it is of beautiful and yet simple construction. I could not get into this tower to ascertain the interior arrangement of its lofts. In almost every other tower the interstices between the ranges of stone are sufficient to put in your toe at least, and, with the help of others, you can get up; but here, instead of a resting-place

for your toe, you can scarcely find a place for the introduction of your toe-pail. Commend me to O'Rourke, prince of Brefney, for his spirit, taste, and devotedness, in the erection of this tower. Did he die before his admirable work was finished?—did the wars which have, from the beginning of time, wasted and neutralised nature's blessings in this island, extend their ravages to his fair domains?—was he forced to stop before he brought to a finish his beautiful work? But so it is; the tower that rises, as one fair polished shaft, to about fifty-five feet, then presents a quite different aspect; some 'prentice hand' has added about ten feet of additional structure, which, though perhaps as well built as most other round towers, presents such a contrast to the remainder, that it seems strange how any one could have the hardihood to make such an unseemly finish to so exquisite a work. Centuries, one might suppose, must have intervened before this additional work, with its eight windows, was added; and it only confirms me in my opinion, that these towers were erected as places of retreat and watch-towers. For both purposes, O'Rourke's is admirably circumstanced; even at the elevation originally given, it was high enough to take cognizance of the coming enemy, let him come from what point he might; it commanded the ancient causeway that was laid down, at a considerable expense, across the great bog on the Connaught side of the Shannon; it looked up and down the river, and commanded the tortuous and sweeping reaches of the stream, as it unfolded itself like an uncoiling serpent along the surrounding bogs and marshes; it commanded the line of the Aisgir Riada—could hold communication with the holy places of Clonfert, and from the top of its pillared height send its beacon light towards the sacred isles and anchorite retreats in Lough Ree; then it was large and roomy enough to contain all the officiating priests of Clonmacnoise, with their pixes, vestments, and books; and though the Pagan Dane or the wild Munsterman might rush on in rapid inroad, yet the solitary watcher on the tower was ready to give warning, and collect within the protecting pillar all holy men and things, until 'the tyranny was overpast.'

We trust that these extracts will help to direct our readers' attention to a very genuine book, which, in a light, pleasant way, conveys a deal of information respecting both the past and the present condition of an important part of Ireland. And yet, before we leave, we must take the following as a parting glass.

CONNAUGHT FAIRIES.

"The fairies, who were ever and always fond of this grassy and sunny field, surrounded, as it is, with little knolls, looking like green china cups turned upside down on a tea-tray, were not over pleased at their pleasant dancing-green being tormented with all this cursing; they, therefore, (as they say,) have no fondness for what are called holy priests, and excommunicators, and exorcisors, and that not only for the reason that they are the well-known successors and representatives of such saints as Connell and Kerrill, and that they still love cursing with bell, book, and candle; but also, as said holy priests are apt, by night, to see double, therefore, as having much to do with spirits, they also sometimes spy the fairies, and follow will-o'-the-wisps into bog-holes and ditches, while other less gifted people keep never minding them. Now, there was in this neighbourhood a holy priest. 'My grandmother (says my informant) often drank the water steeped in the blessed clay in which he was buried, but no matter for that.' And the fairies had a grudge against Father Christy, and watched to take him at an advantage; so one night, it was close up Hollantide, if it was not the very eve of All Saints' itself; any how, Father Christy was coming home to Kilconnell, from the hospitable house of one of his gentlemen parishioners. I think the place is, or was called Hillswood, and the moon, the deceiving moon, was up, and she threw her shadows and shinings in such a way, that it would be hard for any man, especially when coming from a place overflowing with hospitality, to pick his way quite straight; but at any rate the priest thought he had the path, and on he went, expecting every moment to see the abbey tower—when, mighty strange!!! his reverence found himself at the door of a great house, and standing at the hall-door, clad in green and gold lace, was a servant who bid him welcome, took his horse, with a low bow, and pointed to the open hall-door, and requested him to enter, which he did, nothing loath, for all round seemed as kind as it was lightsome and gay. At the entrance of a splendidly lit up chamber,

he met a lovely lady with a goblet of wine in her hand, as clear and sparkling and enchanting as her own dark rolling eye, and she led him into where tables were laid out, and gallant gentlemen and gorgeous dames sat intermingled, and, as the priest entered, one and all rose and cried, "You're welcome, Father Christy;" and they were all equally so kind and so encouraging. 'Here's a seat by me,' says one; 'No,' says another; 'come beside me, and have your back to the fire this cold night, dear, sweet Father Christy.' But all this kind and invitatory bustle was set at rest by the little splendid man dressed in green cut velvet, with a golden hunting-cap on his head, who sat at the head of the table, and who summoned him, with an air of superiority, to take a chair at his right hand, as the post of honour. And now, the work of the festive hour was being begun—each seemed about to address him, or herself, to the food they liked best; when up stood the Amphitryon of the feast, and with that satisfied air which denotes that the speaker is about to address a willing audience, he said, 'Gentlemen and ladies, before we set to, I propose that we drink the health of our guest, Father Christy, AND LONG MAY HE REIGN AMONGST US!' To which all, with one accord, assented, and were in the act of filling bumpers, and crying hip, hip, three-times-three, when the priest, on being offered the wine, as it went round, with all due gravity, and as became his calling, said, 'Most noble, my unknown entertainer, and you, ye gay gentlemen and gracious ladies, I do, from my heart, respond to your hospitalities, and shall most willingly partake of your cheer, and especially your wine, for, as you all may know, it is more pleasant to set to drinking again than to eating; but this I must say, that it has ever been my own practice, and I do my endeavour, as becomes my cloth, to teach it to others, never to sit down to table without saying grace;' and, with that, his reverence, with his usual slight and agility, cut the sign of the cross on his breast, and said off his Latin with such holy rapidity, that none but a practised eye and ear could see or hear the reverend office; but, wondrous were its effects:—like a flash of lightning, or the shifting of the FATA MORGANA in the straits of Messina, or on the coast of the Giant's Causeway, all vanished: light, people, goblets, and good cheer—and lo, the priest rubbed his eyes and felt very much as if he had been just a sleeping, at the stump of an ash tree near the village, and nothing was very wrong about him, save that the knee of his thickset small-clothes was burst, and the rein of his good and quiet mare broken, which was altogether of no consequence, as the gentle beast was grazing but a few yards off. The priest used in after times, when wrought up to good humour at a station, to tell this adventure amongst the fairies.

"I remember (says my informant) on one of those occasions, my grandmother asked his reverence what would have been the consequence had he drank off that bumper without saying grace. 'Why,' says the holy man, 'I never would have got away from them, they would have as hard a houl't of me, and I would be as far in them as any of the other people they have taken.'

"My grandmother, God be good to her, was a great favourite with this priest, and good reason there was for it, for she was of the *thru* three orders, the scapular, the cord, and the sacred heart; he, therefore, told her of many other doings he had with the 'good people;' amongst the rest, how one day he met on the road, of a fine summer's evening, (by-the-bye it was always after dinner he saw the 'GENTRY,') a hearse followed by a long line of gentlemen's carriages, and then horsemen with scarfs, country people in thousands, and the *keening* going on as if it was quite Christian, and his reverence turned back, as it is always decent to do so, and he followed them a considerable way along the road, but never a word could be got from any one, nor would they say whose burying it was, and where they were going, but by-and-by they came to an old building, and he saw every mother's soul of them, with coffin, carriages, hearses, and all, go into a hole in the wall, not bigger than what leads to a wasp's nest, and so says the priest, 'My nice little people, I'll be after following ye as far as I can,' and with that he thrust the butt-end of his whip into the hole after them, but when he took it out, the lead with which it was loaded was all melted, and he could not carry it any more, it smelt so strong of brimstone."

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland. By CONSTANTINE J. SMYTH, B.A. of Lincoln's Inn.

This little volume will be best appreciated in Ireland; but the outline it gives of the legal history of that country, with sketches of the state of the law and its administrators at different periods, will be useful to those who study the civil history of the United Kingdoms. The Index and the Chronological Table are full and serviceable.

Charles the Tenth and Louis-Philippe. The Secret History of the Revolution of July 1830.

This work bears internal evidence of its being the production of an officer who has been intimately acquainted with the facts he has narrated. Judging from the statements here given, it would appear that the world are but little aware of the manner in which thrones are gained or lost. Whether the exiled family are again to be restored, or the present government to maintain its ascendancy, is a question which time alone will, perhaps, determine; meanwhile those who may be desirous of understanding the true history of the past, will do well to consult this interesting volume, which contains some startling facts that appear hitherto to have been but little suspected. The work is exceedingly well got up, and contains portraits of Charles the Tenth, and of the Duke of Bordeaux.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. With Versions in the Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and French Languages.

This is the choicest of the many choice books that have been published by Mr. Van Voorst. We have spoken of the numerous illustrations before. They are indeed beautiful.

Gray's immortal Elegy has been translated, over and over again, in every language of civilised Europe, so that it would have been very easy to give this edition a still more polyglot character. We remember seeing it in Bohemian, and also in Hungarian, and we believe that there are two versions of it in Polish. Of the translations here given we think that the Italian is the best, and are quite sure that the French is the worst, for in it the whole tone and character of the original is lost. Some of the verses of the Italian translator are exceedingly happy, and as true as the different genius of language will admit to the original. Take, for example, the verse beginning, in Gray,

"Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower;"

"E d'erma torre il gufo ognor pensoso
Si duole, al ruggio de la luna amico,
Di chi, girando il suo ricetto ombroso,
Gli turba il regno solitario antico."

Or that other verse

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn ;"

"L'aura soave del nascente giorno,
Di rondine il garrir su rozzo tetto,
Del gallo il canto, o il rauco suon del corno
Più non li desterà da l' umil letto."

This beautiful Italian version, which ought to be learnt by heart by all who are studying the Italian language, is by Giuseppe Torelli.

A Sketch of Native Education in India, under the superintendence of the Church of Scotland. With Remarks on the Character and Condition of the Hindus, as these bear upon the question of Conversion to Christianity. By JAMES BRYCE, D.D., late Chaplain of the Bengal Establishment of the East India Company.

This volume contains some very important and very consoling facts. Its object is to keep the great subject of native education in India before the Christian world, not in any one insulated and detached point of view, as seen by the moralist or the missionary, but as identified with a vast diversity of interests, and affected by the complex operations of a vast variety of elements, many of which are too apt to be overlooked on a superficial view.

The benevolent exertions of the Church of Scotland to procure the enlightenment of the natives of India are entitled to the admiration and gratitude of mankind; but we are compelled to doubt whether these efforts have, in all respects, been wisely directed. Indeed, it seems to us that the Scottish missionaries have begun at the wrong end. In the Appendix to the volume the reader will find some very curious specimens of Oriental Literature. The autobiography of a learned native who accompanied Mr. Elphinstone on his embassy to Caubul, is so interesting that we wish it had been longer. This Eastern *homme de lettres* is the son of a weaver of Gorakpur, who, having lost the use of his left arm in consequence of a fall from a horse, gave up weaving and took to books. He began to meditate upon the religious dissensions of mankind, and upon the attempts of different sects and religions to vilify the tenets of their opponents; and by this train of thinking his own bigoted persuasions were entirely destroyed. There is poetry and romance in this Mahometan's nature, for he tells us that it was long his chief pleasure to indulge in solitary rambles amongst the tombs of the illustrious and eminent, with which the ruined suburbs of Delhi are abundantly strewed, and that he was struck with wonder at all that exists, and longed for the revolution of time and the end of all things, that he might ascertain the great mystery. In the course of his travels with Mr. Elphinstone he picked up many books, both Persian and Arabic, to which he had been a stranger; and he thus states the results of his study and experience—results which seem strange and deplorable.

"The soul is subject to increase and diminution, and to various modifications of condition, from one period to another. The notion of its separate existence is altogether irrational; and man differs in no respect from other animals. I held the doctrine of the Sherakian, or fire-worshippers, for true, as I discovered what light they meant, and what fire they adored. I have since been settled at Rasapaglia, and have made several attempts to master the English language, with frequent interruption, and indifferent success. I have, however, read some astronomical and

mathematical works, which have confirmed my conviction of the justice of the Pythagorean philosophy; and I derive daily progressive pleasure from my acquaintance with the writers of Europe. I passed a year at Dacca, about five years ago—before and since which period, I have continued to amuse myself with composition in Persian and Arabic. Anterior to that date, my writings were confined to ordinary subjects; but subsequently, I have addressed them to the praise of Light, and the glorification of the Sun."

A Reply to the Reverend Sidney Smith's Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton, in a Letter to the Venerable Archdeacon Wetherell, Prebendary of Gloucester, &c. By the Rev. A. SAYERS, Vicar of Pauntley, Gloucestershire.

The Vicar of Pauntley attacks the Canon of St. Paul's, the greatest wit or humorist of the day, with his own weapons; but we cannot say that his success is quite equal to his boldness. The small sword loses its point in his hand, and becomes little better than a bludgeon or a tomahawk. One of the best hits he makes is a declaration of the facetious Canon's, that his Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton will be his last letter.

"O sad and unlooked-for words! there will soon be an end to all fun and mirth—the jester is vanishing fast away: Boz, they say, has made a fortune—(what have the publishers been about?)—and is to take a villa on the Thames, and write elegiac poetry—'pour s' amuser'; Theodore Hook is getting fast into the 'sear and yellow leaf'; he has quite lost his memory—every month he gives us his old puns over and over again; 'rare' Frances Trollope has, alas, grown dull and vapid: she has condescended to become an imitator, and has 'jumped into the strait'—(I am sorry for this, she has written many excellent things: what a trimming she gave the * * *, no friends of your order by-the-bye;) Charles Mathews is gone—(an excellent critique on his life and character is your old ally, the Quarterly for January;) Joey Grimaldi is gone; and the Canon of St. Paul's hopes he has written his last letter on Church matters.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis.

Well, he has 'fought his fight,' and died game; and in consideration for all his good services to church and state, I have no doubt he will meet with his just reward in the pious and grateful recollection of Dr. Wade and Tom Duncombe, who, with mournful face and lugubrious cry, will join you in the funeral chant—

ΟΤΟΤΤΟΤΟΙ ΟΤΟΤΤΟΤΟΙ
Βαρειά γὰρ ἂν δε συμφορά!"

In defending the parochial clergy, the Vicar of Pauntley falls unmercifully upon the gentlemen "on the cathedral establishments," and upon Sidney Smith in particular. It is thus he describes the important and laborious duties of the cathedral clergy.

"You know, from many years' experience, the labour and incessant toil of a cathedral life—what watchings!—what privations!—what cares!—what self-denial, attend such an arduous life. In some cathedrals there are six, in others eight, in others twelve Canons; two months' residence is the general term imposed; during this long and weary period, the Canon in residence is expected to attend the daily prayers; has to walk in full canonicals to the great admiration of the Close-keeper, and, perhaps, a little boy, or an old woman, to the Cathedral entrance, where he is met by a man in a black cloak and a silver stick; preceded by all these insignias of office—the cloak and the stick—he has to walk leisurely and dignifiedly up the aisle, thence into the chancel, where he is safely deposited, by "Silver-stick," in a comfortable niche, with a curtain drawn partly around him. Then he has to listen to

the choir—Minor Canons reading the prayers—little boys in soiled surplices chanting in the alto—and old men in *ditto*, singing in the basso—and an organist's apprentice playing a voluntary, and, by way of amusement, he may engage himself by counting the congregation. When all this is over, he has to return from whence he came, disrobe, take a walk, take a ride, take a sleep. Oh! what labour—what incessant toil—what 'material points and acts of instruction are here'!!!

On Sunday, the Canon's gala day, he has to preach *one* sermon, to a Cathedral 'full,' perhaps, 'to suffocation,' with all 'the pomp and circumstance' of a corporate body, with their sword-bearer, mace-bearer, &c. &c., and a lot of queer old-fashioned-looking lads, in oddly made great coats, fustian shorts, and yellow stockings; and a number of idle people, who have come to show their Sunday gear, hear the anthem, or look at the monuments; perhaps a Prebend's wife, or a Dean's daughter, may form part of this vast congregation, and profit vastly by listening to a 'learned sermon upon pride,' and other of the cathedral virtues. No less than six or eight of these sermons have been preached and listened to during this great man's residence,—what labour, what incessant toil,—verily 'the Cathedral Clergy out-work the parochial ten to one.' 'The prayers beautifully chanted' by the Minor Canon, 'the anthem sung with great taste and feeling' by the old men and little boys, the learned sermon upon pride, &c., eloquently delivered to the mayor and his officers, and the odd looking chaps in yellow stockings, do more to disseminate the vital principles of true religion,—do more to instruct, to humanise, to christianise the people,—do more to uphold the Church, than all the prayers, sermons, visitations of the sick, and attendance upon the schools, which are daily and weekly performed in every parish in the kingdom!!!"

Some sober persons may doubt the propriety of one portion of the Established Church attacking and making a mockery of another portion; and there are indisputably several things in this Reply which will do no good to any part of the clergy, but rather encourage fresh attacks upon the whole system. We must say, however, that in this respect the Canon offended long before the Vicar. Our admiration of Sidney Smith, as far as this controversy goes, is limited to his exquisite humour and drollery. If the Vicar of Pauntley has the worst of the wit, he seems to us to have the best of the argument.

The Vicar entirely approves of the Bill now before the House of Commons, and maintains that it will carry out a real and beneficial reform; and on this subject he says, without any attempt at wit, but with an apparent conviction and earnestness,

"I am sorry to see the selfish and short-sighted policy which urges so many good men so violently to oppose it. I am sorry for their sakes, I am sorry for the sake of the Church; they will, ere long, bitterly lament their conduct, and the Church, alas! will be the sufferer. The cry will not be as it is now, 'reform your Cathedrals—make them answer the purposes for which they were *really* endowed;' but it will be 'rase them, rase them even to the ground,'—you may laugh at my prediction, you may say what should 'a Bucolic Clergyman, in a sequestered, melancholy' (anything else you like) 80*l.* a year vicarage, know of men and manners, acts of parliament, and the complexion of the times? but you must excuse my vanity when I say I have a talent for observation, and what I say will assuredly come to pass. I care not what change of government may take place. Sidney may be promoted to be Archbishop of Canterbury, Old Glory may be called upon to form a ministry, the 'Penny Satirist' may be selected as the organ of Church and State, but Cathedrals will not be allowed to remain in their present state; in a few years it will not be a Dean and four Canons, it will be a Dean and *two*. There are *two* little words which I would earnestly desire all the 'Remonstrants' to think well upon; they are an epitome of warnings—Remember 'Gatton,' remember 'Old Sarum.'"

Some of the Vicar of Pauntley's quotations from parliamentary papers will astonish those who have never turned their attention to the subject of deans and chapters, stalls and prebends. He appears to be an honest church-reformer—but he is not himself a Canon.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Eight Watches, or the History of Jack Steadfast. By JOHN BRUCE, R. N.—A very good sailor-like yarn. The right sort of thing to amuse men on a night-watch.

The French School. Part I. L'Echo de Paris ; a Selection of Familiar Phrases, which a person would daily hear said around him if he were living among French People ; with a Vocabulary of all the words and idioms used in the work. By M. LEPAGE.—*Part II. Gift of Fluency in French Conversation ; a set of Exercises, intended for the Learner of the French Language ; and calculated to enable him, by means of practice, to express himself fluently on the ordinary topics of life.* By M. LEPAGE.—*Part III. The Last Step to French ; or, the Principles of French Grammar displayed in a series of Short Lessons ; each of which is followed by Questions and Exercises ; with the Versification.* By M. LEPAGE.—Of the numerous works of the sort, M. Lepage's are about the best. With these three cheap little volumes any young man may teach himself a good deal of French, even without the aid of a master.

A Popular Treatise on the Kidney ; its hitherto unknown functions and its diseases, in connexion with the circulating animal Oils, &c. With advice to persons on their secretions. By GEORGE CORFE.—We do not like the manner in which our author has blended revelation with secretions, and christian faith with diseased kidneys.

Immortality ; a Poem. In six Books.—This Immortality will not be immortal. But the author seems to be a right-minded man, a friend to liberty and toleration, and some of his verses have very considerable merit.

The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China ; being a developement of the main causes which exclude the Merchants of Great Britain from the advantages of an unrestrained commercial intercourse with that vast Empire. (With extracts from authentic documents.) By the Rev. A. S. THELWALL, M.A.—Mr. Thelwall thinks that all the vices of the Chinese arise from their abuse of Opium, and that if it were not for the trade the European nations drive in that pernicious drug, the Chinese government would remove the barriers to commerce in general, and admit us more freely into their country.

The Naturalist. Edited by NEVILLE WOOD, Esq. No. 33.—This number contains an abstract of Schomburgh's Report of an Expedition into the interior of British Guiana, a very curious paper on the habits of the Rat, and two or three other articles which will be read with interest by the lovers of Natural History.

Life of the Duke of Wellington. Edited by Sir J. ALEXANDER, K.L.S. Part III.—We cannot say that this work improves. The plates are worse than ever—the portrait of Napoleon a monstrosity. Better no illustrations at all than such as these.

Heads of the People.—As good as ever. "The Pew Opener," in a recent number, by Douglas Jerrold, is a very perfect thing indeed. But there is always something well worth reading in this humorous publication, and Mr. Kenny Meadows's illustrations never fail in spirit.

Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Part V.—The wood-cuts in this part, which is devoted to the wonders of Athens, are exceedingly beautiful. This mode of publication will place a very admirable work in the hands of many who would have been deterred from purchasing, if they had had to buy the book as a whole. The wonderful accuracy of Mr. Wordsworth has been acknowledged by all travellers and antiquaries. What he has done ought to find a place in the library of all scholars and students of classical literature.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Nasmyth on the Teeth. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Manning on the Law of Nations. 8vo. 14s.
 Wyld's Missionary Atlas. 8vo. 14s.
 Robinson's Hebrew Lexicon. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Tholuck on St. John. Royal 12mo. 8s.
 Aids to Preaching and Hearing. Post 8vo. 6s.
 Wilkin's Bible Acrostics. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Stonard's Six Sermons. 8vo. 5s.
 Mant's Horæ Apostolicæ. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Light Shining in Darkness. By A. Roberts. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Howe's Delighting in God. 12mo. 4s.
 Rev. John Newton's Works. New Edition. Imp. 8vo. 25s.
 Seymour's Sketches. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.
 The Wizard of the Windshaw. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Henry's First Latin Book. By the Rev. T. K. Arnold. 12mo. 3s.
 Le Page's L'Echo de Paris. New Edition. 12mo. 4s.
 Gift of Conversation. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 Last Step to French. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 De Porquet's First French Reading Book. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Young's Algebra. New Edition, enlarged. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Blair's School Dictionary. Ninth Edition. 12mo. 3s.
 Parley's Tales about Canada. Square. 4s.
 Peep into the Agricultural World. 18mo. 3s.
 Green's Universal Primer. 12mo. 1s.
 Hoffman's Illustrated Alphabet. Plain, 1s.; coloured, 1s. 6d.
 Ten Minutes' Advice about keeping a Banker. Royal 32mo. 1s.
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 Baxter's Key for Catholics. New Edition, revised, with Notes. By Rev. J. Allport. 8vo. 12s.
 The Educator; prize essays. By John Lalor, Esq., and others. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Matthews's Practical Guide to Executors, &c. Second Edition. 12mo. 9s.
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 Adams's Private Thoughts. 8vo. 10d.
 Memoirs of Halyburton. 8vo. 1s. 2d.
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 Dearden's Miscellany. Vol. I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 Mrs. Phelps's Short Reflections on the Gospels. 12mo. 4s.
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 Wilson's Sermons, Appeal to Christians on behalf of the Jews. 8vo. 1s. 3d.
 Christian Exhortations. By a Cambrian. 18mo. 1s.
 Help to the Hesitating, and Decision for the Undecided, or a Few Words to those Electors inclined to be Neutral at the impending Election. 8vo. 6d.
 Daly's Sermon on the Lord's Supper. 12mo. 3d., or 2s. 9d. per dozen.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Chatterton's new work, "*RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND*," has met with unusual success, an entire edition having been disposed of in less than a month. The press has been in active operation to keep pace with the demand; and a new edition is just announced as ready.

The "MEMOIRS OF A CADET," of which our pages have contained portions, are now published in a separate form, with a beautiful coloured engraving.

"THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN." Tales and Legends of Wales, is now published.

A second edition of that useful little work, "THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT," is just ready.

The work recently announced, entitled, "ADVENTURES OF AN ATTORNEY IN SEARCH OF PRACTICE," is just published.

Preparing for publication, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Maps and other Illustrations, "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean; including a visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine; and an Appendix on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland.

In the press, "French Master for the Nursery." By Mons. Lepage, Author of *L'Echo de Paris*.

In the press, and will shortly be published, in 2 vols. 8vo., "Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D. F.R.S. M.R.A.S., &c." compiled by his Widow, with a Portrait. To which is appended, besides other interesting documents, a Critical Essay on the literary labours of Dr. Morrison. By the Rev. Samuel Kidd, Professor of Chinese in the University College.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We regret that trade generally has not much improved during the past month. We are still, however, looking forward to the effect of a plentiful harvest, of which we are happy to find that present appearances afford the prospect. That splendid steam-ship, the *British Queen*, is to commence her first voyage to America in a few days. We shall then have three steam-vessels regularly crossing the Atlantic; the *British Queen* from London, *The Great Western* from Bristol, and *The Liverpool* from Liverpool. The effects of this regular and rapid intercourse between the old and new world it would be impossible to calculate.

The Bank's having raised the interest to five-and-a-half per cent. was expected to have had an injurious effect, but this will, it is hoped, be avoided by the timely aid of provincial capital. The important measure of a uniform Penny Postage appears now to be decided upon.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Wednesday, 26th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 189 to 90.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 one-eighth to one-fourth.—Consols, for opening, 93 one-eighth to one-fourth.—Three and a Half per cent. Red. 99 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 2d. and 1½d. 15s. 28s. prem.—India Bonds, 16s. prem.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 33 five-eighths to one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 55 one-fourth to five-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-eighths to five-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents., 18 three-fourths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—City, Tuesday Evening, June 25th.—The public securities assumed an appearance of buoyancy in the early part of the day, partly arising, no doubt, from the reaction following the recent Bank measure, relative to the Interest. Exchequer Bills were done at 18s. to 20s. prem., an expectation prevailing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to raise the interest from 1½d. to 2d. per diem., so as to prevent their going to a discount.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	58-38	30.04-29.87	N.W.	.0125	Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, little rain in even.
24	52-42	29.92-29.84	N.	.0125	Gen. overcast, frequent showers of rain during
25	53-39	30.06-29.99	N.		Generally clear, except the afternoon. [the day.
26	62-29.5	30.10-30.08	E.		Generally clear.
27	65-33	30.13-30.12	S.E.		Generally clear.
28	61-38	30.14-30.13	E.		Generally clear.
29	68-37	30.13-30.06	N.E.		Generally clear. [the night.
30	71-46	30.02-29.97	N.		Morn. overcast, otherwise clear, lightning during
31	67-51	29.94-29.90	N.		Generally clear, except the morning.
June					
1	71-48	29.90-29.88	N.E.		Generally clear.
2	63-44	29.85-29.75	E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	61-46	29.67-29.56	N.E.	.4	Cloudy, frequent and heavy showers of rain.
4	63-49	29.65-29.64	N.	.1875	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
5	70-46	29.84-29.77	N.W.		Morn. clear, otherw. cloudy, dist. thunder accomp.
6	68-48	29.91-29.87	S.W.	.1625	Generally clear. [with rain in the aftern.
7	65-52	29.81-29.71	S.		Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
8	70-51	29.82-29.80	S.	.2125	Generally cloudy.
9	70-52	30.06-29.92	S.W.		Generally clear.
10	69-50	30.18-30.17	S.W.		Generally clear, except the even. a little rain fell.
11	73-56	30.17-30.12	S.W.		Generally clear.
12	75-49	30.16-30.02	S.W.		Generally clear. [thund. accom. with rain.
13	79-56	29.89-29.84	E.		Gen. clear, except the evening, lightning and dist.
14	64-52	29.82-29.80	N.E.		Generally cloudy, small rain at times.
15	65-55	30.02-29.86	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
16	73-46	30.17-30.15	N.E.		Generally clear. [thund. accom. with rain.
17	75-48	30.13-30.01	N.E.		Gen. clear, except the even. lightning and distant
*18	79-55	29.98-29.89	N.	.0375	Generally clear, except the afternoon.
19	73-56	29.93-29.88	S.W.	.2625	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
20	75-48	30.05-29.89	E.		Generally clear.
21	74-58	29.75-29.73	S.W.	.0375	Generally clear, rain fell during the morning.
22	65-56	29.64-29.38	S.W.		Gen. cloudy, raining from about 10 A.M. till 3 P.M.

* A violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, from about half past four till about half-past five on the afternoon of the 18th.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 21, TO JUNE 21, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

May 21.—W. Martin, Union-street, Southwark, carrier.—J. Taylor, Albion Wharf, Maiden-lane, King's-cross, stone merchant.—S. Wright, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—W. McGill, Liverpool, draper.

May 24.—W. Dawes, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, bookseller.—W. H. Maxwell, Portrush, county Antrim, bookseller.—W. Keens, Bedford-place, Commercial road, batton and trimming seller.—J. L. West, Charles-street, Soho, victualler.—R. Waring, Luton, Bedfordshire, grocer.—T. Gower and W. D. Gower, Blackbeath-road, Greenwich, coach-

makers.—J. Adams, George-street, Thrawl-street, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, feather merchant.—W. Fulton and L. Fulton, Rochdale, cotton-spinners.—J. Chittle, Warminster, linen-draper.—J. Pierce, Birmingham, thimble-manufacturer.—W. H. Browne, Manchester, stone-merchant.—E. Bowyer, Liverpool, merchant.—H. Hickman, Sedgley, Staffordshire, retail brewer.—S. Wright, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—T. Potts, Birmingham, brass-founder.—T. Irving, Wheatley, Yorkshire, dyer.—W. Moore, Newark-upon-Trent, innkeeper.—J. Smith, Liverpool, boiler-maker.

May 28.—J. N. Harris and R. A. Ellis, High Holborn, woollen drapers.—J. Butler, Deptford-bridge, Deptford, wheelwright.—T. Poynter, Aldgate, High-street, butcher.—J. Till, Newhill, Derbysire, earthenware manufacturer.—B. George, New Sarum, Wilts, common brewer.—J. Beck, Kingston-upon-Hull, spirit merchant.—E. Cope, Birmingham, scrivener.—J. Chettle, Warminster, Wilts, linen-draper.

May 31.—C. Farnworth, Upper Thames-street, tin-plate merchant.—S. Ruffell, Greenwich, linen-draper.—W. Sherley, Staines, Middlesex, dealer in horses.—J. Jones, Spitalfields-market, licensed victualler.—W. P. Geach, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, corn merchant.—J. Rodgeron, Hylton Ferry, Durham, ship builder.—J. M. Murry, Gorleston, Suffolk, merchant.—J. Dawson and E. Pickup, Manchester, fustian manufacturers.—H. Grove and C. Grove, Birmingham, Warwickshire, grocers.—T. S. Smith, Liverpool, Lancashire, brewer.—J. G. Johnson, Nether, Langwith, Nottinghamshire, draper.—M. Reynolds and J. M. Knight, Rugby, Warwickshire, iron-mongers.—J. Johnson, Manchester, bed-tick manufacturer.

June 4.—E. Parker, Piccadilly, perfumer.—A. Dickey, Old Jewry, linen factor.—W. C. Farr, Frederick-street, Vincent-square, Westminster, licensed victualler.—E. Taylor, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Runcorn, Manchester, cotton spinner.—J. Binney and T. Binney, Sheffield, merchants.—J. Jones, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, wine and timber merchant.—H. Tompkins, Bromyard, Herefordshire, victualler.—J. Stelfox, Manchester, grocer.—J. Coombe, Bath, currier.

June 7.—H. G. Collins, Jermyn-street, St. James's, bookseller.—W. Ambrose, Awre, Gloucestershire, timber merchant.—H. Knight, Reading, Berkshire, common brewer.—J. Pope, Tor, Devonshire, builder.—C. Hall, Hanley, Staffordshire, engraver.—J. D. Penn and E. Penn, Northampton, booksellers.

June 11.—M. Williams, Old Bailey, eating-house keeper.—T. Hodson, Lime-street, City, drysalter.—J. Jackson, Westbury-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, cattle dealer.—W. Wrigley and T. Wrigley, Ovendon, Yorkshire, silk waste-spinners.—C. J. Adams, Oxford, auctioneer.—E. Cart, Barton-upon-Humber, starch manufacturer.—J. M. Henderson,

Liverpool, wine merchant.—D. Shirrefs, Bishopwearmouth, innkeeper.—W. N. Buckley, Manchester, linen merchant.—J. Holdsworth, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.—R. Spincer, North Stoughton, Hampshire, cattle salesman.—W. Bobbins, Birmingham, spoon manufacturer.—S. A. Bull, Frome, Selwood, dyer.—R. Graham, Cheltenham, linendraper.—K. Evans, Liverpool, draper.

June 14.—L. W. Williams, of the Colosseum Café, Albany-street, Regent's Park, wine merchant.—G. Peck, Blackfriars-road, linendraper.—J. Stow, Charles-place, York-road, Lambeth, draper.—G. East and H. Bulgin, Regent-street, booksellers.—W. Elridge, Milton-street, victualler.—T. H. Rideout and W. Batho, Manchester, stuff merchants.—T. Patchett, Brighouse, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer.—N. Litherland, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Rhodes, Denton, Lancashire, merchant.

June 18.—J. Grist, New Brentford, grocer.—J. C. Gummer, Hart-street, Mark-lane, wine merchant.—E. J. Hargrave, Bishopsgate-street Without, victualler.—T. Hedgcock, South Lambert, shipowner.—E. Knibb, Liverpool, tailor.—J. Webster and R. Brown, Liverpool, fringe manufacturers.—G. Withey, Bristol, grocer.—R. Hartland, Staanton, Wrecestershire, mealman.—J. Newsome, Tynsal-gate, Tong, Birstall, Yorkshire, worsted stuff manufacturer.—T. Davies, Lewes, tailor.—J. Winskill, J. Harwood, and J. Hutchinson, Barnard Castle, Durham, carpet manufacturers.—T. Spencer, Church Fenton, Yorkshire, victualler.—J. Rowbotham, Bollington, Cheshire, wheelwright.—J. Newell, Shibden, Halifax, worsted manufacturer.

June 21.—J. Upton and J. Nickolls, Sun-wharf, Battersea, engineers.—J. F. W. Brewer, Lime-street, wine merchant.—T. Peachey, Brighton, Sussex, draper.—C. Fenton, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, plumber.—J. Jeffs, St. James's-place, St. James's-street, Westminster, hair-dresser.—J. Martin, Lime-house, linen draper.—M. Davis and J. Davis, Bolton, Lancashire, timber merchants.—N. Colston, Brixham, Devonshire, draper.—T. Howard, Bury, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—W. P. Coope, Manchester, victualler.—M. Barrett, Old Lane Mill, Halifax, corn-dealer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Boyd, of College Street, and H. F. Rennie, of Glengall Street, Belfast, Flax Spinners, for certain improvements upon the spinning-frame used for spinning flax, hemp, and tow, upon the wet principle. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Skrine, of Cambridge, Esq., for improvements in manufacturing forks and spoons, coins and medals. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Deanstone Works, Kilmardock, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the machinery for spinning and twisting of wool, and other similar fibrous substances. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Rostron, of Edenfield, Lancaster, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving. April 30th, 6 months.

J. Hunt, of Dalston Terrace, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of soda, and other valuable products, from common salt. May 7th, 6 months.

D. Naylor, of Copley Mill, Halifax, Manufacturer, and J. Crichton, Jun., of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for weaving single, double, and treble cloths, by hand or power. May 7th, 6 months.

G. England, of Gloucester Terrace, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Engineer, for an improved screw-jack, for raising or moving heavy bodies, both vertically and laterally. May 7th, 6 months.

W. Davis, of Leeds, Machine Maker, and G. Kinder, of Aldermanbury, Cloth Dresser, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing and cleansing woollen cloths. May 7th, 6 months.

J. Maudslay and J. Field, of Lambeth, Engineers, for improvements in the construction of marine steam-engines, which are particularly applicable to steam-engines of the largest class. May 7th, 6 months.

J. Whitelaw, of Glasgow, for an improved rotatory machine, to be worked by the pressure and reaction of a column of water, which machine may be used as a steam-engine, also an improved water-meter, and a machine for raising water or other liquids by its centrifugal force. May 7th, 6 months.

E. O. Manby, of Swansea, Civil Engineer, for a new method of manufacturing gas for the general purposes of illumination. May 8th, 6 months.

G. Le Nomand De L'Osier, of the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, Merchant, for improvements in machinery for raising water. May 8th, 6 months.

R. Rosser, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for making nails and screws. May 8th, 2 months.

W. Harper, of Cooper's Court, Cornhill, Patent Stove Manufacturer, and T. Walker, of Birmingham, Machinist, for improvements in stoves and grates. May 10th, 6 months.

G. Stocker, of Birmingham, Warwick, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in cocks or apparatus for drawing off liquids. May 13th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for Improvements in reducing the friction of axletrees, and axletree-boxes, and other such moving parts of machinery. May 13th, 6 months.

J. H. Rodgers, of Birmingham, Merchant, for improvements in clasps or fastenings, principally applicable to certain articles of dress. May 13th, 6 months.

J. W. Whittaker, of Bolton, Joiner, and R. H. Heaton, of the same place, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the means of connecting or uniting straps or bands for driving machinery, and other similar purposes, and in the apparatus for effecting the same. May 20th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus for cutting, planing, turning, drilling, and rolling metal and other substances. May 20th, 6 months.

J. Walker, of Allen Street, Surrey, Oven Builder, for certain improvements in coke-ovens. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Vardy, of Wolverhampton, Gentleman, for improvements in rolling iron. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Jefferies, of Holme Street, Mile End, Metal Refiner, for certain improvements in the process of smelting, or extracting metal from copper, and other ores. May 22nd, 6 months.

T. Harper, of the Grange, near Newnham, Gloucester, Merchant, for certain improvements in railways, or tram-roads. May 22nd, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Leicester Street, Regent Street, Gentleman, for improvements in obtaining copper from ores. May 22nd, 6 months.

N. Troughton, of Swansea, Glamorgan, for improvements in the manufacture of zinc. May 22nd, 6 months.

H. Griffiths, of Acton Place, Camden Town, Middlesex, Artist, for improvements in the process of producing prints, or impressions from steel, copper, and other plates. May 25th, 6 months.

M. A. J. De Herrypon, of Leicester Street, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Mining Engineer, for an improved machine, or apparatus for washing and bleaching wool, cotton, silk, linen, and other fibrous materials, either in a manufactured or unmanufactured state. May 25th, 6 months.

T. Clark, and C. Clark, of Wolverhampton, Ironfounders, and co-partners, for an invention for glazing and enamelling cast iron, hollow-ware, and other metallic substances. May 25th, 6 months.

B. Hick, of Bolton, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for drying cotton, woollen, and other fabrics, and other fibrous substances or materials. May 25th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—May 27.—The Lord Chancellor gave notice that he would this day week move the second reading of the Church Discipline Bill.

May 28.—The Royal approbation of the choice of Speaker was announced in the usual form.

May 30.—A very long discussion took place respecting the conduct of Colonel Prince in Canada, who, in December last, after the attack of the brigands on Windsor, ordered four of the prisoners taken on that occasion to be shot on the spot. His conduct was violently impugned by Lord Brougham, and defended or extenuated by Lord Ellenborough and the Marquis of Normanby. The discussion terminated with a few words of explanation from the Marquis of Normanby and Lord Ellenborough.

May 31.—The Bristol and Gloucester Railway Bill, on the motion of the Marquis of Salisbury, was read a second time, by a majority of 11.—The Earl of Winchilsea required of Lord Melbourne an explanation of the principles on which the Cabinet had been reconstructed, and an exposition of the measures to which the country may now look forward.—Lord Melbourne admitted the existence of the difficulties by which the government was surrounded. It was possible that the causes which occasioned those difficulties and the late change of government, might still be undiminished; sure he was they would not be diminished by any abandonment of principle on his part, or that the government would be conducted on any other principles than those upon which he understood it was originally framed and conducted throughout. Those principles unquestionably were principles of progress and reformation; he had always been for adopting every measure which, in his opinion, would tend to promote the good and advantage of the country; but he never had been, and he certainly was not now, for purchasing or obtaining support, either by bringing forward or advocating measures contrary to his opinion and conscience. It appeared to him, not an inattentive observer of public affairs, that something of a new feature had of late presented itself; he knew not whether it was a more or less dangerous symptom, that while in former times such designs were always glossed over, with something of pretended measures of reformation and amendment, in the present day there had been at all public meetings, and on the part of persons of no small influence and power, an open profession of intentions of plunder, of violence, and of blood. He knew not whether this was more or less a dangerous symptom; he trusted it was a less dangerous symptom of the times, because if it were a more dangerous symptom, they must suppose the country to be so affected to the core that it would be impossible to hope for its salvation by any measures that could now be adopted. His lordship concluded with the following declaration:—"He did not know what was the best ministry in itself considered; but this he did know, that unquestionably the worst ministry was that which did not possess sufficient of the confidence of parliament and the country to carry those measures which they thought necessary for the well-being of the State."—Lord Brougham then addressed the House at considerable length, and the Duke of Wellington concluded a few brief observations by offering to Lord Melbourne an assurance that, notwithstanding all that had occurred, if his Lordship would honestly and sincerely do his duty, parliament and the country would not be found to fail him.

June 3.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Bill to Amend the Beer Law. He was supported by the Duke of Wellington, and opposed by the Marquess of Westminster. Ultimately, the Bill was read a second time, and was then referred to a Select Committee.—The Royal Assent was given to the Dean of Exeter's Appointment Bill, the Designs Copyright Extension Bill, the British Museum Buildings Bill, the Staffordshire Potteries Stipendiary Justice of Peace Bill, the Great Western Railway Act Amendment Bill, the London and Southampton Railway Act Amendment Bill, and various other private Bills.

June 4.—The Church Discipline Bill passed without amendment.

June 6.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, the Report of the Beer Bill was received.

June 7.—Lord Brougham put off the bringing up of the report on the Beer Act Amendment Bill till Tuesday next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 27.—Lord John Russell having communicated to the House a message from her Majesty, announcing Mr. Abercromby's resignation, and desiring them to elect a successor, Mr. Handley rose to propose Mr. Shaw Lefevre. The proposal was seconded by Sir S. Lushington. Mr. Wynn proposed Mr. Goul-

burn, which was seconded by Mr. Wilson Patten.—The House divided, when Mr. Lefevre was elected by a majority of 18, he having 317 votes, and Mr. Goulburn 299.

May 28.—The Speaker informed the House of the Royal approbation of the choice of Speaker; he then took the chair. The Oldham Small Debts Bill was read a second time, and committed.—The Stroud (Kent) Church Bill was thrown out by a majority of 48.—The City Police Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be referred to a Select Committee.—Mr. Hume's motion relative to the Bank of England was postponed till Thursday week.

May 30.—Lord Ashley gave notice that he would move that there be a call of the House on Friday, the 14th of June, the day on which Lord J. Russell is to bring forward his motion on the subject of National Education. Lord John Russell said he should be ready to second the motion.—Mr. Labouchere moved, according to notice, for leave to bring in that Bill for the settlement of the Jamaica question which the Government had now prepared as a substitute for their lately abandoned measure.—A short discussion followed, and leave was given to bring in the Bill.—Mr. Gibson obtained leave to bring in a Bill "to prevent persons in England and Wales from losing their votes at an election by removal after the preceding registration."—On the motion of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the Custody of Infants Bill was read a second time, and ordered for committal on the 12th of June.

May 31.—Napier's Divorce Bill was read a third time and passed; and Lardner's Divorce Bill went through Committee.—A Select Committee was appointed to consider the City of London Police Bill.—The Attorney-General called the attention of the House to a decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, given that day in the case of "Stockdale v. Hansard." He moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the proceedings, and to report to the House, which was agreed to.—Lord John Russell moved the second reading of the County Courts Bill, and after some discussion the motion was carried, and the Bill read a second time.—The Prisons Bill passed through Committee.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill went into Committee.—The Deanery of Exeter Bill went through Committee, and was ordered to be reprinted.

June 3.—Lord John Russell rose to call upon parliament to lay the foundation of a permanent settlement of the affairs of Canada. After entering at some length into the present state of the government of the Canadas, his Lordship concluded his speech with two general resolutions—one, that in the opinion of the House it would be expedient to establish a legislative union between the two Canadas, on the basis of a free and representative constitution, in such a manner as might best conduce to the prosperity and contentment of the colonies—the other, that the powers given by last year's Bill to the Governor and Special Council shall continue, with such alterations as circumstances may have rendered necessary, till the year 1842. And to these resolutions he said he should not ask for the immediate assent of the House, but would leave them for consideration till Monday next.—Mr. Goulburn, Sir R. Peel, and Mr. C. Buller, delivered their sentiments upon the subject, after which the motion was agreed to.—The Police Bill was read a second time, with the understanding that the discussion should take place on the House receiving the report of the Committee. The Bill was ordered to be committed on Monday next.—The Metropolis Police Courts Bill was also read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Monday next. The summary Jurisdiction Bill was read a second time.—The Borough Courts Bill went through Committee.

June 4.—Sir Hesketh Fleetwood brought on his motion for extending the county franchise to the occupiers of 10*l.* clear yearly value, which was lost, on a division, by a majority of 126.

June 5.—The Copyholds Enfranchisement Bill underwent a short discussion.—The House went into Committee for the purpose of providing the means of building stables at Windsor Castle, and a vote was granted of 70,000*l.* out of the Land Revenues of the Crown.—The Borough Courts Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House decided that Mr. Burge should be heard on the second reading of the Jamaica Bill.

June 6.—The London Bridge Approaches Bill and the Norwich Tonnage Bill were read a third time and passed.—The discussion on the Canada resolutions was postponed to Thursday.

June 7.—The third reading of the Cheltenham Relief Bill was negatived by a majority of 186 to 177.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the District Session Bill was postponed for three months, and his Lordship abandoned the District Prisons Bill.—The report of the Prisons Bill was agreed to.—Mr. Burge was heard on the part of the Assembly of Jamaica against the New Jamaica Bill.